UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

Literature Develops a Conscience

By W. Waldemar W. Argow, II

My Russian Impressions, Part VI

By Rabindranath Tagore

Special Study Table

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Contents

EDITORIAL—
Notes 23
Jottings—J. H. H. 26

ARTICLES—
Literature Develops a Conscience—W. WALDEMAR W. ARGOW, II 26
My Russian Impressions, VI—RABINDRANATH TAGORE (Translated by Basanta Koomar Roy) 29

POETRY—
Patience—MARGUERITE EMILIO 23

THE STUDY TABLE—
Biography 32
Literature and Life 35
Religion 36
War and Peace 40
Society 42

CORRESPONDENCE—
The President and the Court Again—JAMES FAIRLEY 43
The Moscow Trials: I—Disapproval—H. D. S. BORGFORD 44
II—Approval—ERNEST M. WHITESMITH 44

THE FIELD—
Can We Save Our Art Heritage?—*World Events* 22

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

Can We Save Our Art Heritage?

The news from Spain has frequently referred to the artistic treasures of that country and the heavy losses that have been suffered there. Toledo was crowded with art treasures, including the Moorish Puerta del Sol, a famous cathedral, a rich collection of El Grecos, an ancient synagogue, and other priceless works of art. The Alcazar is in ruins, the celebrated "Burial of the Count of Orgaz" had to be hastily transferred by Loyalists, and the whole city is a scene of desolation.

Already it has become clearer than ever that war threatens our entire artistic heritage. Two factors accentuate that danger. One is the location of many famous churches, palaces, and museums. In a great many cases these structures stand on the highest point of the town. If not actually on a hill, like the Alhambra in Granada, Lincoln cathedral, the duomo in Siena, the Acropolis in Athens, or the Kaiserburg in Nuremberg, their towers nevertheless dominate the surrounding region. That makes them important in a military sense as observation posts or machine gun nests.

The second factor is the range of modern artillery and the use of modern aircraft. Modern artillery shells travel such a distance that accuracy is only approximate. The famous Paris Gun of the World War, which bombarded Paris from a distance of 70 miles, could not be controlled by miles as to its accuracy. Its destructive projectiles might land anywhere—and they did. The airplane carries explosive or incendiary bombs past all barriers and is able to do untold damage to art treasures—intentionally or unintentionally.

The Roerich Museum has proposed that a special flag be flown over artistic monuments in times of war and that both the defenders and the attackers respect this flag. The League of Nations, too, has a special committee working on this problem. But the situation does not look very encouraging.

A civilization which does not shrink from the enormous human slaughter and maiming of modern war will not try hard to keep its art heritage unscathed.

—*World Events.*

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

Volume CXIX MONDAY, MARCH 15, 1937 No. 2

PATIENCE

O God, in patience thou hast wrought
The cosmic fabric, dark and vast;
Thine are the deeps of stellar space
In which the universe is cast.

Thine is the pow'r that made a cell;
Thy patience nurtured it, 'til man
Stood upright, and with lifted face
Looked forth upon the cosmic plan.

With patience thou hast watched him climb,
Step by slow step, the beck'ning height;
With patience thou hast seen him turn
And tread the way toward darkest night.

Though far the day when wrecking wars
Of race and creed shall find surcease,
Thy patience falters not, nor doubts
That man will build a lasting peace.

O God, thy patience is as vast
As are the deeps of stellar space;
We pray thee, grant a saving part
To thy despairing human race!

—Marguerite Emilio.

THE SUPREME COURT

We sympathize with many of our liberal friends in their welcome of the President's proposal to enlarge the Supreme Court as an assurance that at last something is going to be done about this problem. But we cannot follow our friends in their acceptance of the proposal. We believe that their attitude is an emotional and not a rational one, and that any real thinking-through of the proposition must condemn it. First of all, we can't get over the way in which the President announced his program to the country. He did not speak particularly of liberalizing the Court, and said nothing of what Governor La Follette has since said with admirable frankness—that this is an attempt to bring the Court into harmony with the New Deal. On the contrary, he talked about the age of the judges, their burden of work, etc., etc., and thus hid his real designs in a concealing cloud of verbiage and confusing extraneous arguments, which was disingenuous, to use no harder word. Then, there is the very real complaint that the President is "packing" the Court. It has been done before, we are told. But never on such a scale and in such a shameless way. And when was an evil thing ever justified by the plea that it has been done before? But what really determines our opposition to the President is the fact that, when all this "packing" has been done, nothing in the end has been accomplished except to injure the Court's honor and weaken its prestige. It's the same old court, with the same final and complete authority over Congressional legislation. Not a thing has been achieved to the end of bringing a permanent reconciliation between the contending branches of government. The new judges will in due time themselves grow old, and again the present situation will recur. Then a later president must again "pack" the Court, on Mr. Roosevelt's precedent, and this time the president may be reactionary, and "pack" the Court against the people. What we need is a Constitutional amendment redefining the power of Congress to legislate in matters now disputed by the Court, and perhaps a second amendment retiring judges at seventy or seventy-five years of age. Unity is for genuine, not sham, reform.

THE PRESIDENT—AND CONGRESS

What the President's attempt to pack the Supreme Court may do to the Court itself is still doubtful. The President may win out, though in no such disgracefully short order as he at first believed, but it seems more likely that he will reach some compromise with Congress. At the moment, the impressive and sure thing is what the President's attempted *coup d'etat* has done to Congress. It has brought this coördinate branch of government suddenly to life, restored its dignity, and reëstablished its power. For four years, now, Congress has had little more independence than the Communist Party in Russia under Stalin, or the German Reichstag under Hitler. Its program has been prepared at the White House, its laws have been written by the President or his advisors, its procedure has been dictated by lists of "must" legislation, its function has been little more than that of going through pre-

scribed motions and saying "Aye" at the proper moment. Congress, like the Reischtag, has come into real prominence only when Roosevelt, like Hitler, has used it as a national or international sounding-board for some speech or other. In all the chaos of these last few years, nothing has been quite so shameful, and alarming, as this utter subserviency of Congress to the Chief Executive. But now this has suddenly come to an end. Under the impact of the President's attempt to seize the Supreme Court and reduce it to an equal subserviency, Congress is itself again. It will do for the Court what it has not dared to do on its own behalf. The House, for example, was slated to pass the President's bill to pack the Court within a day or two. The Speaker echoed the clamor of Mr. Roosevelt that there be no delay. But delay there was—with Representatives everywhere in angry and brave revolt. As for the Senate, it has resumed its former reputation as a deliberative assembly, and will handle this bill in its own way and at its own time. So the President has accomplished something—something which he least expected or desired. In the very attempt to deaden democracy, he has brought it again to life.

THE ARMAMENT RACE

The world has just been given another lesson in armaments and their significance in relation to war and peace. If this lesson could ever be learned, it would be learned now, but we have well-nigh lost hope that men will ever see and understand. Yet how can they miss the point? Look at one page of the New York *Times,* for example, in an issue published the day after the announcement of Britain's staggering plan to spend 1,500,000,000 pounds on armaments in the next five years—a total of 1,000,000 pounds *every week-day* during this period! "Even this figure," said Mr. Chamberlain, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, "cannot be regarded as final for certain." Now this vast expenditure, please note, is defended as in the interest of peace, as a protection against war, as a prevention of war. Yet in the same issue of the paper containing this news, what do we read? Side by side with the despatch from London a despatch from Berlin announcing the profound sensation stirred in Germany by the British pronouncement! This policy, declares the German press, is "truly monstrous." The Reich must quicken and extend the building of her armaments, for the British program is "taken to signify that Europe has definitely embarked on a course the end of which must be a final show-down between the authoritarian powers and the western democracies." But there are despatches in this issue of the *Times* from Washington as well as Berlin. "Clear indications," says the special correspondent, "that the Navy Department would recommend matching Britain in new battleship construction were given today by Admiral William D. Leahy, Chief of Naval Operations. It was a 'fair presumption,' said Admiral Leahy, 'that if any other power expands its navy, we will have to follow.'" So England has not outdistanced but spurred on her rivals; she has not ended but quickened the race of arms; she has not prevented but hastened war, and made more insecure than ever her possessions. What nonsense, what madness the whole thing is! Yet responsible men in exalted position still go on hurrying down this road of destruction to the pit of death. If, by common consent, all presidents and premiers and foreign ministers and naval experts could be committed to insane asylums, our world might be safe.

THE CHURCH AND POLITICS

It is the unending song of our conservative friends that the church must not go into politics. O, no!—it is a terrible thing for the church to discuss political questions, and plunge into political campaigns, and interfere in any way with government. But look at what happens—and has happened right here in New York State, and we have no doubt elsewhere! At a hearing on the Child Labor Amendment in Albany, the Roman Catholic Church sent six distinguished clerics, headed by Bishop Gibbons, to oppose ratification by the Legislature. The appearance of these men as official representatives of the hierarchy had an enormous effect upon the legislators. So did the action of Cardinal Hayes in sending out a pastoral letter to be read in all churches of the diocese opposing the Amendment. But the Catholic Church is not the only church in politics in New York. Thus, on Ash Wednesday last, the impeccable Bishop Manning, in his official sermon for the holy day, came out in furious denunciation of the President's proposal to reform the Supreme Court. There was no mincing matters in this sermon. It was a straight-out political talk on the most hotly debated political issue of this generation. At about the same time the Long Island Episcopal diocese formally petitioned Congress to oppose the President. All of which shows that our conservative friends are not so drastically opposed to the church going into politics as they think they are! What they dislike and denounce is the church going into radical politics. They won't stand for the church advocating measures of drastic reform which they don't like. But when it comes to matters with which they are very much concerned, when they are alarmed lest government may do something to upset their cherished institutions and traditional ideas, then they jump into the fray with a vehemence which outdoes the soap-box orator on the street-corner. What angers us in this business is not the action of any church in opposing or supporting any political measure, but the sheer hypocrisy of arguing that the church should not go into politics—*except* when our ox is gored!

GET THE CHURCHES TOGETHER

There is something fine, though scarcely original, in John D. Rockefeller's plea for the churches to abandon their denominationalism and get together. Dr. Jenkin Lloyd Jones was preaching this a full generation and more ago. The Unitarian movement has always been pervaded by this spirit, and the Community Church movement has given the spirit body and direction. But the gospel of church unity cannot be preached too often, so we rejoice in Mr. Rockefeller's word. If this word is fine, however, it is in certain respects also rather pitiful. For how are the divided churches to combine, on what basis, to what end? Mr. Rockefeller suggests only "the fundamentals of religion—God's love and Christ's living spirit." But these are only eloquent phrases which mean nothing unless they are definitely made to mean something. The trouble with the church unity idea has always been that it has never been anything more than a mere mushy, wishy-washy sentimentalism that could no more be grasped and handled than a bowl of soup. Denominationalism, for all its faults, has always been tangible and definite. It has represented ideas and convictions and programs which have stirred allegiance and impelled action. Until the movement for unity has its own ideas and convictions and programs, to join men together instead of holding them apart, it will never get anywhere. Church unity, in other words, must be implemented, that the ideal may be made real. This means two things! First, the development of a new and single Christian theology to systematize the thought of Christendom. Our colleague, Albert C. Dieffenbach, is always clamoring for a theology of modern ideas, to give order to the world's religious thinking—and he is right! The medieval church had a theology to match its power as a single, all-uniting religion, and the modern church, if such a church can be created out of our competing denominations, must have the same. Secondly, there must be a program of action, of moral and spiritual reform, to mobilize the energies and fulfill the ideals of the church. If the denominations get together into a "Church of Christ," to use Mr. Rockefeller's phrase, it must be to do something on behalf of labor, economic justice, industrial coöperation, civil liberties, racial brotherhood, and peace. A theological philosophy and a social platform—these will blast the sectarian divisions and give us at last the one great church of God and man.

A MINISTERIAL BOYCOTT

Some weeks ago the Universalist Church of the Redeemer, of Newark, New Jersey, dismissed from its pulpit the Rev. L. Hamilton Garner under conditions which seemed to involve violation of every canon of courtesy, every principle of freedom, and every precept of Christian idealism. The episode was investigated by a committee of the New York Liberal Ministers' Club, which brought in a unanimous report condemning the church and vindicating Mr. Garner. Thereupon the Club passed a resolution which we publish here in full as signed by the members of the organization:

> *Resolved: That, whereas* the Church of the Redeemer (Universalist) of Newark, N. J., has discharged from its pastorate the Rev. L. Hamilton Garner, a member of this club, in a manner we deem to be unchivalrous, illiberal and contrary to standards of Congregational practice as generally received; and,
>
> *Whereas,* the Board of Trustees of the church, in order to procure the vote of discharge, used the methods which so frequently outrage democratic procedure; and,
>
> *Whereas,* it is apparent that the present administration of this church does not desire the services of a truly liberal minister; and,
>
> *Whereas,* the charge made by the trustees of the church that Mr. Garner is a "radical" is unworthy of a liberal church pledged to support freedom of conscience; and,
>
> *Whereas,* the charge that Mr. Garner's radicalism is evidenced by his membership in the American Civil Liberties Union is utterly unconvincing; and,
>
> *Whereas,* in spite of all this and of many unusual handicaps attending his pastorate for which he was in no wise responsible, Mr. Garner has evidently earned the esteem of a large section of the community and the respect of many of its leaders, and has made many efforts to meet hostility with reasonableness and charity;
>
> *The New York Liberal Ministers' Club* hereby declares that it cannot regard the Church of the Redeemer of Newark, N. J., as a liberal church deserving the services of a liberal minister; *and recommends* to all liberal ministers everywhere that no call to the ministry of this church be considered until the present administration be discharged from control or gives evidence of a sincere desire to adhere to Congregational polity.

The *Christian Leader* describes the adoption of these resolutions as "startling." We think it sensational. "This is the first time in many, many years," says Rev. Norman D. Fletcher, Unitarian minister of Montclair, New Jersey, chairman of the committee, "that a group of ministers has rallied to the support of one of its members and made public denunciation of a church administration which has acted in a grossly unethical manner." It is absolutely the first time, we believe, in which a group of ministers, in defense of one of their own number and of the dignity of their profession, has placed an offending church beneath the ban. These ministers call upon their brethren everywhere to outlaw the Newark church. They have excellent precedent in the action of the national association of college and university professors in placing on the black-list certain institutions which no member can recognize, and from which no member can accept a call. Now ministers are asked to do the same. It is high time! The workers have long since learned to stand together, and a "scab" is the meanest man among them all. Why should not the white-collar workers do the same, more particularly the professions? When ministers have learned to act not separately but together, the churches may be more careful in their service of the precepts and principles of the Christian faith.

Jottings

"Rector Quits Sermons As Lenten 'Abstinence'

Barrington, R. I., Feb. 4. (A.P.)—The Rev. Richard Mortimer-Maddox, rector of St. John's Episcopal Church here, announced today that as an act of abstinence during Lent, he has given up preaching sermons."

Well, well! This is the cleverest dodge for getting rid of the drudgery of sermons that we have seen. "Abstinence"? As a hard-worked preacher we would say on the contrary that it is *indulgence* of the first order—especially for the people!

"Nicaragua to Fine Judges Who Don't Work Full Day"

Here's an idea that uncovers new revenue for governments. Fine judges who don't work a full day, and fine them again for not opening court on time, and perhaps we could get rid of the income tax!

"Miners Ask $1,200 as Minimum Wage."

This seems to be a not unreasonable demand—$23.07 per week for a full-time worker, who is probably a husband and father. Yet the spokesman for the operators declares that such wage is "utterly impossible." If this is true, why should the mining industry be allowed to continue to operate for profit?

Locking the barn-door after the horse is stolen has had repeated illustration in every age. But there never was a better illustration than the recent action of the European powers in blockading Spain after the Rebels have driven the Loyalists to the last extremity of defense.

Professor John Dewey has endorsed the President's Supreme Court proposal, and urged the appointment of laymen to the bench. Yet Dr. Dewey, himself one of the youngest of men, would be ineligible under the President's arbitrary ban of years!

When we can find a few moments to attend to the matter, we propose to invent a shaving brush which will not drip, a collar button which will not roll, and a shoe-lace which will not break at just the moment you are rushing for the party.

J. H. H.

Literature Develops a Conscience

W. WALDEMAR W. ARGOW, II

Probably it was Ibsen who started the fireworks. In any event, it has become increasingly apparent during the past few decades that literature, the arts, and society itself have been developing a social conscience.

Now this awareness of the plight and problems of society is, of course, far from being anything new. Society has been more or less allergic to its own difficulties from time immemorial. But at no period in recent history have art, the church, politics, and the people been so sincerely and vitally concerned with the state of things social, political, and economic as they are today.

Take a look at current politics. Four or five elections ago, the term "social security" was as unknown as "New Deal" or "N.R.A." Yet, in the recent campaign fracas, social security with all its implications probably enjoyed greater currency than any other issue. And each of the five major aspirants to the presidency talked about it and talked about it plenty. They had to whether they liked it or not. The people made them.

That much is simple. The real story behind this renaissance of interest in the social problem, however, is the story of what awoke society. To find that answer, you will have to examine cultural media, especially literature, in this country for the past twenty or thirty years and understand their subtle and highly significant effect upon the American people. You will also have to know something about the new literature.

The course which literature has followed in the past century or so has been just as devious, just as rapid and just as amazing as the progress of mechanized civilization during the same span of years. Victor Hugo first kicked over the traces, raised romantic literature to the top of the pedestal and knocked the classicists off with the same motion. Rostand, Maeterlinck, Ibsen, Galsworthy, O'Neill, all saw the light, all took advantage of the reflection it afforded, and together created a modern drama. Poetry, too, has known this new revolution with its Rossettis and its Robinsons, its Swinburnes and its—Steins.

The development during these last hundred years of what we have come to regard as modern literature has not been a gradual, even growth after violent transition. When America entered a new century thirty-six years ago, she was passing through an era of Ruby M. Ayres and George Barr McCutcheon. *East Lynne* and *Ten Nights in a Barroom,* Edgar Guest, and James Whitcomb Riley. The splendid, beautiful discovery of Victor Hugo suddenly became a cheap, maudlin thing. Society was relearning one of its most venerable maxims: no literature is greater than the civilization which calls it forth.

The calibre of these early twentieth century contributions, however, was rather to be expected in the light of the several decades which had just preceded. Society, waiting to be freed from a million absurd social and political taboos by a Viennese doctor, was cramped and unhealthy. Its literary outpourings tended toward stiffness, pompousness, unnaturalness. When, finally, the ban was lifted, reaction set in, emotional and intellectual fancy turned in the opposite direction and the super-sentimental era began.

It lasted a comparatively few years, and was soon usurped by a higher quality and more commendable standard of literary values. Then the decade of Joe College and the Jazz Age came along not many years later, an inevitable reflection of a nation gone economi-

cally mad. There were forces at work even during this period, however, which were turning the tide, slowly and imperceptibly, in the direction of more stable shores. The Provincetown Players had been improving and renovating the modern theatre for almost ten years; Sinclair Lewis was writing *Main Street,* and Dreiser *An American Tragedy;* Edward Arlington Robinson, Robert Hillyer, and Edna St. Vincent Millay were bringing to the scene a remarkably finished new poetry. Today, these scattered, individual influences are gradually cohesing into recognizable form. They are assuming shape and style and solidarity. They are evolving a hard, fast, realistic literature, characterized by a rapidity of pace and a sincere concern for the contemporary scene.

Significant to this new writing is the large number of ex-newspapermen who have helped create it. Dreiser, Lewis, Hemingway, Sandburg, and a swelling list of others served their apprenticeship on the American press.

In the preface to his *Queen's Husband,* Robert E. Sherwood says: "As a result of the dominance of this journalistic tradition we have developed a literature that is hemmed in on all sides by city desks—a literature that is not literature but 'copy', dedicated to a muse that wears a green eye-shade, wields a blue pencil, and asks, in a cold, contemptuous tone, 'Have you verified this?' "

These men have learned the secret of Stanley Walker's little verbs that "dance and play." They have discovered the arts of summary and condensation. They have pounded out reams of copy in chilly telegraph offices and dingy hotel rooms in a fight with the clock for speed, accuracy, and news value. They have been well grounded and well versed in the new literature.

This rather lengthy preface has not been without a purpose. To understand the very decided trend toward the social problem play and story, one must understand this newly-developed technique in literary craftsmanship, or what I have chosen to call the "new literature." There is a correlation between the two so definite that they might almost be called counterparts of each other. They were born simultaneously, with the new writing serving as a medium of expression for the social story.

And here is a straw in the wind. Writing in the *Writer's Digest* for August, 1936, Quincy Howe says, "In the field of fiction, for example, it would seem to me that the Hemingway school had passed its zenith and that the future lay with the novel of social protest, incorrectly called the 'proletarian novel'." Mr. Howe is right enough, but he is fifteen years late. His 'novel of social protest' made a garish entrance into the American scene early in the 1920's. Since then it has steadied down, gained a purposefulness and a maturity, and emerges today as brilliant, thought-provoking writing, steeped in social philosophy, deep and smooth as a Platonic dialogue.

What prompted the man behind the manuscript to divert his attention to this new channel of social interests? That is a superscale story of colonial expansion, intense nationalism, skyrocketing technocracy, crazy economics—it is a story of a civilization played upon by a thousand new forces. whirling round in a dervish faster than any century which had preceded it. The writer—the mouthpiece of the era—inevitably was swayed by the turn of events.

Pioneering is always crude. That the trail-blazers hewed out as well-defined a path as they did is greatly to their credit. And that path has borne a lot of traffic these past thirty years. When one considers the paucity of literature concerned with any phase of the social theme, a few decades ago, he realizes the flood which has swept along this fresh trail since the war.

I have said it was probably Ibsen who started the fireworks. Certainly he may be regarded as the crux, the keystone, and the spearhead of the new order. The influence of the man's work cannot be overestimated. He it was who called a halt to a century of some of the worst playwrighting the world has ever seen. Not since Goldsmith and Sheridan had more than a dozen manuscripts been turned out worthy of stage production.

The gloomy sage of Scandinavia executed a complete about-face. With him the frills and fancies of the super-sentimental era turned to bleakest fact, became a veritable realism in the raw. He weathered an early storm of scorn and invective to bring forth an entirely different drama, born of an intimate contact with everyday life, dedicated to the proposition of individual rights and freedom.

Here was the dawn of a new era. For the first time in our day a man stood up, moved by an indomitable resolve truly to examine society, strip away its veneer, and see what makes its members go around.

He was aided and abetted a short time later by his very worthy champion, Mr. George Bernard Shaw. Mr. Shaw did all manner of things before turning to the drama as the proper medium for his abundant talents. He clowned his way through half a century of English life and won for himself disapproval from all parts of the world. But behind this clowning has been a driving spirit, akin to Ibsen's, which has forced him to probe into life with a vision unclouded by any fogs of custom or inhibition. Whether he is stumping for the Fabian Socialists, turning out incendiary pamphlets, or writing none too popular novels, he is motivated by a pulsing interest in the modus operandi of individual and social life.

From here on, this list could swell appreciably. There is the Russian school of writers. And there was John Galsworthy, sheltered from all the rigors of poverty and social conflict, yet ever—as the press of the world hailed him at the time of his death—a crusader against social evils and oppression. Not a propagandist as Shaw sometimes was, Galsworthy treated of life a little more softly, a little more humanly, giving his drama form, contrast, and balance.

But this is sufficient account of these men and their rôle as usher to the problem play. Let us turn to America and see how she responded to the intruding young drama.

America at the turn of the century was suffering from the same blight which had impoverished the stages of the world for almost a hundred years. Our native drama was terrible stuff. In the first few years of the new century, Martin Flavin, Edward Sheldon, Percy MacKaye, and Eugene Walter came through with a few contributions which indicated things might be picking up a little; but it was not until some time after 1910 that American drama entered upon a new age and came into its own in a big way. Today, we are producing an unprecedented number of well-formed, brilliant, workable plays, flowing out, willy-nilly, of typewriters in every section of the country.

Those two courageous ventures, the Washington Square and the Provincetown Players, probably gave more impetus to this rebirth of interest in the drama than any other factor. Between them, they harbored

and nurtured more than a score of men and women who were later to find themselves permanent seats in the contemporary theatre. And by their very presence, they encouraged the formation of all sorts of civic, church, club, and little theatres throughout the nation, which were, if nothing else, a jumping-off place to better things.

Their protégés, and other recent successful playwrights, have, of course, not confined themselves exclusively to the problem play nor, in fact, have many of them been consciously aware that they have treated of social themes to any large extent. Yet look at the plays of Susan Glaspell, Maxwell Anderson, Sidney Howard, S. N. Behrman, Robert E. Sherwood, Elmer Rice, and Clifford Odets. In almost every one of these manuscripts you will find a concern with some phase of the social problem woven into the fabric of the play. Odets and Rice, the latter with his *Street Scene,* are both concerned with social problems. The others are when they want to be. Philip Barry in *Paris Bound,* Behrman in *Meteor,* Anderson and Lawrence Stallings in *What Price Glory?* have all made social issues an integral and vital part of their stories. Robert E. Sherwood in his later successes, *The Petrified Forest* and *Idiot's Delight,* shows a beautiful, keen, and penetrating comprehension of what ails modern-day civilization. The *Forest,* behind its melodramatic exterior, embodies some of the most profound and understanding philosophy yet incorporated in an American play.

And by all means take a look at Nobel prize-winner Eugene O'Neill. The dean of American playwrights is the finest example of the lot. Though O'Neill's interest is primarily with the individual, he must inevitably examine the social situation in which the individual is enmeshed, and by so doing writes plays of great and burning social import. In his dramas, unlike those of Mr. Shaw, the poet and painter do not give way before the social vivisectionist, but remain to strengthen and set off the significance of the theme or idea involved.

America's fictioneers have kept equal pace with their colleagues, the playwrights, in the field of the problem story. It is true we have never experienced such a dearth of good fiction as we have of good drama, but certainly we have never before had as many fine sociological novels written as are being turned out today. The contrast between current fiction and that of forty years ago is a little less marked than in the case of the drama, but a real and trenchant contrast exists.

The turbulent Twenties introduced the modern novel with a bang. Its heroes and heroines, its "beautiful and sad" young men, first intruded via the pen of F. Scott Fitzgerald. They were later borrowed and cheapened by the Misses Glyn and Brush. The more consequential work of the era, however, was being produced by Elinor Wylie, Willa Cather, Ruth Suckow, Zona Gale, John Dos Passos, Ernest Hemingway, Upton Sinclair, Theodore Dreiser, and Sinclair Lewis.

These latter three men were the triumverate who took upon themselves the imposing task of recording the story of America as they found it in the formative years of the twentieth century. Upton Sinclair's pen too often landed in the red ink bottle as he wrote. Dreiser was content to confine himself to mere phases of life as he saw it. It was Sinclair Lewis who most honestly understood Main Street and most effectively told its petty, small, and moving story. Rarely has any writer appreciated a country, or a section of a country, better, and written of it more humanly, than Sinclair Lewis. As the patient historian and biographer of the "Bible Belt," he is unexcelled.

Here was a group of people, some writing romance, some tragedy, some satire, limited by no restraints as to locale or subject matter, yet all irresistibly tending toward the one goal—the telling of the story of the twentieth century as they saw and understood it. Elinor Glyn would have been thoroughly amused if you had called her a sociologist, yet she was helping, just as effectively as any of the others, to paint a tinseled and brassy, but highly significant, phase of the era.

Today, our fictioneers are continuing in a similar socio-romantic vein, but currently are being overshadowed by an expanding group of non-fictionists who are performing the same interpretive function in a somewhat different way. They are telling the story as it actually is, not at all colored by any fiction or deceptive imaginings. Those able journalists, Vincent Sheean, Negley Farson, and Walter Duranty, for instance, have found an unexpected gold mine in the mere recital of history as they have seen it made around the world during the past ten and twenty years. Bookstands now crowd what was once King Fiction right out of the way for the public's newest favorite. Any list of the past few years' best sellers graphically shows the story teller's abdication in favor of the more real and first-hand type of writing.

Poetry, always more intangible and difficult to handle, also shows definite indications of having been influenced by the all-pervading social theme. Here the tendency is less well-defined, however, and it is probable that, of the several literary media, poetry has been influenced least.

Edna St. Vincent Millay was the lyric poet of the 1920's. Her song was coupled with the voices of Amy Lowell, Stephen Vincent Benét, Maxwell Bodenheim, Sara Teasdale, Robert Frost, and Edwin Arlington Robinson. These people occasionally responded to the plea of the social problem, but it remained for another triumverate really to answer its cry.

They were Edgar Lee Masters, Sherwood Anderson, and Carl Sandburg. Masters with his *Spoon River Anthology* and Sandburg with half a dozen volumes were the self-constituted troubadours of the Middle West. They attempted to do in poetry what Lewis was doing in prose. Simply and expressively, they sang the sagas of Memphis and Spoon River, Chicago and Keokuk. Sandburg, with his rough-hewn inheritance from Whitman, knew and felt the Middle West more vitally than any of the others. It was he who sang of its hard, bold, slangy "Chicago, hog butcher for the world," and of Iowa's rolling corn fields, purple in an August twilight. But most of all he knew the character and the temper of the people, for he was one of them by birth, experience, and inclination.

National and world events today—with the forces of Communism and Fascism arranging against each other, with dictatorships rising and democracies falling, with unemployment and relief usurping the nation's headlines, with conservative and liberal digging in for a long and bitter seige—are of such a nature as to presage not only a continuation of the social theme's vital rôle in contemporary literature, but the playing of an even more important and significant rôle in the future as literature comprehends the challenging issues of the day and hits its full stride in the social problem field.

My Russian Impressions*

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

Translated from the Original Bengali by Basanta Koomar Roy

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Author of "Rabindranath Tagore: The Man and His Poetry"

VI

After my return from Russia I am starting for America today. I receive your letter at such a juncture. I went to Russia to study her system of education. I am deeply moved with wonder at what I saw there. By the power of education and in but eight years' time, the Russians have transformed the picture of the mind of the people of the entire country. Those who were dumb have found language; those who were ignorant are ignorant no more; those who were powerless are now awakened into a new prowess; those who were steeped in the lowest depths of humiliation have come out of the darkest recesses of society and are today entitled to a place of equality in the world at large. It is certainly difficult to imagine that such changes can be so quickly brought about to such a vast population. It delights my heart to see such a flood of education flowing over the river of life in Russia that has been stagnant for so long. The entire country is awakened from one end to the other by the exertion of the people. Everywhere the energy of life is flowing full speed; and there spreads before the people a panorama of hope that seems to penetrate the very ends of space.

Their attention is absorbed in three problems—education, agriculture, and machinery. The whole nation is busily engaged in seeking self-expression for the mind, for livelihood, and for action through these three avenues of activity. Just like India, Russia is mainly an agricultural country. But the farmers of India are both ignorant and powerless. They are deprived of both education and power. Tradition is their only feeble protection. It is like a servant who has worked in a family for three generations. He works less than his masters do. To show proper respect to him is not to walk ahead of him. And yet for centuries he walks like a lame man.

Perhaps in the olden days the patron saint of our farmers was Krishna, the lifter of the Gobardhan mountain. He lived in the home of a dairyman. His brother was Balaram, who wielded a plough as his stick. The plough is indeed the foundation of man's strength in machinery. Machinery imparts strength to the farmer. Nowadays Balaram is nowhere to be seen in the farmlands of India. He is ashamed of our ways. He has migrated to those lands beyond the seas where his plough vibrates with energy. The farmers of Russia worthily wished for Balaram. And before long the broken ridges of their farms became impregnably whole. And by the touch of Balaram's new plough the barren fields of Russia today pulsate with life-giving harvests. We should remember that Balaram was an incarnation of Ram, plough-in-hand.

Before the Revolution of 1917, ninety-nine per cent of the farmers of Russia never saw modern farm machinery. Then they were as weak as the farmers of our own country—foodless, helpless, and dumb. Almost in the twinkling of an eye, thousands of machine-ploughs swarm the farms of Russia today. The Russian peasants were dependent before on their guardian angels; today they have become mighty deities themselves.

But the machine alone cannot accomplish much, if the man who uses the machine is not worthy of it. Here the farmer of the soil is marching in unison with the farmer of the mind. The new system of education in Russia is vital to the extreme. I have said it over and over again that education should play a mighty rôle in the occupation of human beings. When you separate the two, education remains a raw material for the pantry—not fit for digestion in the stomach.

The Russians have introduced a new life into the very system of education. The reason for this is that they have not kept the boundary of education separate from the boundary of society. They do not impart education for passing an examination or to make just a scholar out of a man. They impart education to shape a human being into an all-round man. We have scholars in our country; but we fail to impress upon the minds of the students that understanding is more important than education; that power is more important than information. The minds of our students are so heavily burdened with the passages of the text books that they lose all power of mobility. I have so often tried to discuss things with our students; but their minds seem to be void of all questions. The subtle link that unites the *will* to know with the *chance* to know seems to have been severed in them. They have never learned to want to know. From the very beginning they are made to know according to some fixed rules and regulations. They recapitulate this imparted knowledge to secure marks with which to pass examinations.

Some time ago a few students of Mahatma Gandhi lived at our Santiniketan upon their return from South Africa. I remember I once asked one of these students: "How would you like to take a walk in the *parul* woods with our boys?"

"I do not know," replied the boy. He wanted to ask the leader of their group.

"Yes, you may ask permission afterwards," said I, "but please tell me if you want to go out for a walk."

"I do not know," was his reply again. In other words, this student had never cultivated his own will to wish for anything himself. Someone guides him, so he moves. He never takes the initiative to think things out for himself.

This may be an extreme case; but it is true that our students are not trained to solve problems of life. They always anxiously await the words of their superiors. It is hard to find more helpless minds than such minds.

In the world of education various experiments are going on in Russia. I shall try to write to you later the detailed accounts of those experiments. One can learn a great deal about a system of education by reading books and reports; but the reflection of education that becomes visible on the countenance of human beings is of paramount importance. I had a chance to observe that the other day. I went to visit a Pioneers'

*Written in the period 1930.—EDITORS.

Commune House. This is somewhat like the *Brati Balaks* and the *Brati Balikas* of our Santiniketan.

On entering the house I found boys and girls standing in rows on either side of the stairway to welcome me. The moment I entered the reception room they sat close around me, as if I were their very own. Please remember these are all orphan boys and girls. They come from a class of people that once could never claim any kindly consideration from others. They eked out a miserable existence like the untouchables of our land. I looked into their faces to find not even the least trace of a shadow of neglect and disrespect. They are full of the feeling of fullest freedom. Besides, each and every one is inspired with a burning purpose in life; the field of their future activities is so clearly visible before their eyes that they seem to be lost in it. It is impossible for any indolence from uncertainty to enter their minds.

In connection with my short reply to their address of welcome, a boy said:

"The bourgeoisie seeks his own profit; we seek a society in which every man has an equal share in the wealth of the country. The conduct of our behavior in this school is according to that principle in life."

A girl said:

"We rule ourselves here. We do according to the decisions of our public conferences. We accept that which is good for all."

Another boy said:

"We may make mistakes, but if we so desire, we do consult the older folks. If necessary the younger boys and girls consult with the older boys and girls; and the latter in their turn consult with the teachers. This is the principle of the government of our country. And we cultivate that principle here, too."

From this you can understand that the education of this country is not confined to books. They are shaping their individual character, conduct, and behavior in harmony with the great surge of the march of life. They have an iron resolution in the fulfillment of their ideal; and loyalty to this resolution is the source of their highest pride.

I have told the boys and girls and the teachers of our school at Santiniketan that it is our duty to reflect within the narrow boundaries of our institution a complete picture of the sense of responsibility in public welfare and self-government that we demand from the country at large. We should have complete joint self-government of the teachers and the students. When under such conditions, all our activities will function most fully; then within such narrow limits we shall have solved the problems of our entire nation. The great problem of the cultivation of the process of the surrender of individual will to public welfare cannot be solved from political platforms. We have to prepare the soil for it. And our Santiniketan is a proper soil for it.

By way of illustration, I may mention to you the fact that in the taste and habit of food Bengal is very backward. We have most unnecessarily encumbered both the kitchen and the stomach. Any reform in this matter is most difficult. If, for the permanent good of our people, both our students and teachers could take the vow of the proper control of their palate then, I think, the mission of education itself would be fulfilled. We are accustomed to calling it an education when a child memorizes that three times nine make twenty-seven. And we consider it a great dereliction of our duty if we forget to see that the students do not make the least mistake in a thing like this. But to me it is the height of stupidity to place the multiplication table higher than the science of food in the scale of education. We owe a very grave responsibility to our nation in the matter of what we eat every day. To fully realize this and then to remember it is more important than to win the highest grades in examinations.

I asked the children: "How do you treat misconduct in this institution?"

"We have no laws to govern us; for we punish ourselves for our misconduct," said a girl.

"Please explain this problem in detail. If any one does wrong, do you call a special meeting to judge him? Do you elect a judge from amongst yourselves? What is the procedure of punishment?"

"We do not," said a girl, "set up a tribunal. But we discuss things amongst ourselves. To condemn a person is a punishment in itself. There can be no punishment more severe than that."

"The guilty person is sorry; and we are sorry. That ends the matter," said a boy.

"Suppose," said I, "a child thinks that he is being condemned for nothing; can he then appeal to a higher court?"

"Then we take a vote," said the boy. "If the majority votes him guilty, then there is no more appeal from that. He has to abide by the decision."

"There may not be a legal appeal," said I, "in a case like that; but if the child thinks that the majority has wronged him, is there any means of redress for him?"

"Then we would no doubt seek the advice of our teachers," a girl stood up and said. "But such things do not happen here."

"You are so devoutly consecrated to your cause here! And that consecration, of itself, automatically protects you from all wrong deeds," I said.

Then in reply to my inquiries regarding their aim in life, they said:

"The people of other lands seek wealth and honor for themselves. We do not want either of these. We seek the good of the public. We visit the villages to educate the villagers. We teach them sanitation; we teach them how to work intelligently. We explain things to them. Quite often we live with them. We produce plays there and, above all, we make them acquainted with the condition of the country."

Then they wanted to show me what they call a living newspaper. A girl said: "We have to know much news about our country. And what we know ourselves should be imparted to others as a matter of national duty. For we can attain our goal only when we are fully acquainted with the facts about our problems and can think calmly over them."

"At first," said a boy, "we learn from the books and the teachers. Then we discuss these things amongst ourselves. Afterwards we get orders to go out to the people to teach them what we know."

They enacted a living newspaper for me. The thing that absolutely absorbs their mind is the five-year plan. The idea is that they have solemnly sworn to make the entire country skillful in the use of modern machinery in five years. They are bent on harnessing and conscripting the electric and steam power of the nation for public welfare. Their country is not confined within the limits of European Russia. It extends far out into Asia. They want to invade Asia with their new energy. It is not to enrich the rich; but to make the masses powerful. In these masses are also included

the yellow races of middle Asia. The Russians are not afraid to impart power to these yellow races.

The Russians need plenty of money for this work. They cannot get credit in the money markets of Europe. There is no other way open for them but to pay cash for what they buy. So they are buying commodities with the food that is meant for their bodies. Grains, meat, eggs, and butter are being exported to foreign markets. The entire population is on the verge of starvation.

The capitalists of other lands are not pleased with Russia. Foreign engineers ruined much of their machinery. The problem is vast and complex; and there is not much time to lose. They are afraid to extend the time; for they today face the enmity of the entire world of capitalism. It is vitally necessary for them to produce their own wealth within the least possible time. Three years are over, with much suffering. Two years are yet to pass.

The living newspaper is like a play. By means of dance, music, and flags they want to let the public know how far they have gradually succeeded in their five-year plan by converting their wealth-power into machine-power. The people that are eking out a painful existence by being deprived of the barest necessities of life have to be told and made to understand that the end of their sorrow is in sight; and, thinking of the things they are to get in exchange for their sorrows, they should be made cheerfully to embrace their sufferings with pride.

It is certainly a matter of great consolation that it is not a section, but the entire population, of the country which is most solemnly dedicated to the realization of this new life. This living newspaper also spreads news about foreign countries in the same way. It reminds me of a *Jatra* theatre performance I once saw at Patisar that dealt with the human body and the salvation of the soul. The process is the same, but the aim is different. I am thinking of starting such living newspapers at Santiniketan and at Surul upon my return home.

The daily routine of the Pioneers is as follows: They rise at seven in the morning. Exercise for fifteen minutes; wash and breakfast. School begins at eight. Luncheon and rest at one o'clock. School closes at three o'clock. The subjects of study are: history, geography, mathematics, elementary physics, elementary chemistry, elementary biology, mechanics, political science, sociology, literature, manual work, carpentry, book-binding, modern agricultural machinery, etc. They observe no Sundays. Every fifth day is a holiday. After three o'clock, and according to special programs, the Pioneers visit factories, hospitals, villages, etc.

Arrangements are made to take walks along country roads. The Pioneers produce plays and themselves act at times; now and then they go to motion picture theatres. In the evenings, they read and tell stories, attend debating, literary, and scientific societies. In the holidays the Pioneers do a little of their own washing; clean their own rooms; they clean the house and the surroundings; they study home-lessons for extra work in the school; and they go out for walks. The children join school when they are seven or eight years old, and they graduate at sixteen. They do not have long and empty holidays, as we have in India. So they learn much in a short time.

The supreme merit of the Russian schools is that they paint pictures of their studies. The students acquire proficiency in painting; and at the same time their studies are engraved on their minds. Thus the joy of the creation of beauty is mingled with studies. One may carelessly think that the Russians are absorbed in action alone, and that they have crudely neglected the fine arts. Nothing is farther from the truth. Tickets are sold out early, very early, for high-class plays and operas in the huge theatres and opera houses built by the Czars of Russia. It is almost impossible to secure tickets late. In the art of acting the Russians are supreme in the world. In the olden days it was left only for the rich aristocracy to enjoy these things, but now the scene has changed altogether. The theatres and operas today are crowded by people who in those olden days were wont to dress in dirty rags and walk shoeless; those who never knew what a full meal was; who were afraid, by day and by night, of both God and man; who were used to bribing their priests to buy salvation; and who debased themselves by rolling their heads in the dust before their masters—yet, these are the people who crowd the theatres and the operas of Russia today.

The day I went to the theatre, they were playing Tolstoy's *Resurrection*. It is hard to believe that such a play can be easily popular with the general public. And yet, the audience was deeply attentive, enjoying the play in absolute silence. Not to speak of India, it is impossible to imagine that even the farmers and the workers of the Anglo-Saxon countries would so absorbingly and silently enjoy a play like this until one o'clock in the morning.

To give another illustration: There was an exhibition of my paintings in Moscow. It is needless to say that they are strangely unique. They are not only alien in motif, but they also seem to belong to no-man's land. Notwithstanding all that, huge crowds came to see the exhibition. Five thousand people saw my paintings within a few days. It makes no difference what others say, but I have to admire their taste for art.

Not to speak of taste, suppose they came to the exhibition out of curiosity. Curiosity is the sign of an awakened mind.

Do you remember the day when I brought a windmill from America? That windmill drew water from the depths of the well. I was most disappointed when I saw that the students of our school were not in the least curious about this innovation. We have an electric plant there; but how many show any curiosity about it? And yet our boys come from middle-class homes. Curiosity is feeble where the mind is full of inertia.

We have received many paintings by the students here. They are wonderful. They are regular paintings. They are not imitations at all. They are the creations of their own minds. I am much consoled by noticing their attention focused on both creation and construction. Ever since my coming to Russia I have been forced to think much about the system of education in India. I shall try to gather a few educational ideas here and then try to apply them to our institutions at Santiniketan with my humble and fruitless efforts. But where is time? I may not live to see my own five-year plan completed. I have steadily worked all alone for about thirty years, against all opposition and with but little progress. Perhaps for a few more years I shall have to trudge along in the same way—and yet I would not complain. Today I cannot write any more. Tonight we take the train for the boat. Tomorrow the boat sails for America.

(*To be Continued*)

The Study Table

Biography

BROOKINGS: A BIOGRAPHY. *By Hermann Hagedorn. 336 pp. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.50.*

As a well-drawn portrait of a rugged individualist "go-getter," who, after making his millions in post-bellum St. Louis, turned philanthropic educator and threw himself with marked vision and efficiency into the revitalization of Washington Univerisity in that city; then planned and founded the Brookings Institute in Washington, D. C., this book is notable. Hagedorn, apparently at the instigation of Mrs. Brookings and doubtless with the aid of generous subsidies from her, has used to excellent advantage his experience not only as a poet but as the biographer of men somewhat of Brookings' type—Leonard Wood and Theodore Roosevelt. His pen pictures of commercial St. Louis and the midwest during the period of lustful money-grabbing after the Civil War are factual and graphic. His description of our national capital, 1917 to 1920, of the appalling scene of bureaucratic red tape of unpatriotic profiteering, of the German menace and the jealousies of "dollar men" is memorable, even though used to argue for peace-time preparedness. The view of how Abraham Flexner worked to improve medical education in this country—incidentally at Washington University—is illuminating. All in all, every person who has millionaire friends who show signs of conversion should present them this book as a means to their final redemption from crass Mammon worship.

Since ministers will doubtless receive the book as a gift from some sensitive conservatives in their congregations, it might be well to point out the fact that it furnishes material for a very telling sermon along lines very different from the foregoing paragraph. Robert C. Brookings came from Maryland to St. Louis in 1867, endowed with every natural gift, good stock and breeding, good health and looks, a keen, logical mind, a magnetic personality. For twenty-five years he devoted himself to making money by all the methods popular in those days; ruthless competition, rebates, rigorous treatment of employes, monopoly, and the like. For the sake of single-mindedness, he remained unmarried. Art purchases, magnificent city homes and country estates, European tours, lavish entertaining were his avocation. After acquiring four or five millions, the game began to bore him: "Was the accumulation of money really worth while? *He had had all the thrills.*" (Page 120.) My reason for italicizing these words—of Hagedorn's—will be apparent later on.

So Brookings cast about for a form of altruistic exertion that would not pauperize anybody! He found it in the reëstablishment of Washington University the transformation of its Medical School into one of the great clinical and research centers of the West. After his eminent service as chairman of the Price-Fixing Committee of the War Industries Board, he collaborated with John D. Rockefeller, Jr., in creating at Washington the Institute for Government Research "to develop in the national service and in our social, economic and industrial activities the intelligence essential to the ultimate success of our government." By 1927 this effort and others similar had become the Brookings Institute devoted "to the public service through research and education in the social sciences." As an obligato to these achievements, Brookings (now an LL.D of Harvard) published, after his seventy-fifth year three books, increasingly radical in their economic philosophy: *Industrial Ownership* (1925) which made much of the wide diffusion of ownership of modern corporations, the dissociation of ownership and management, the conception of both as forms of trusteeship in behalf of the public, the necessity of freeing labor from the fear of unemployment. (Page 293.) "It was his task to make his friends [the capitalists] see their danger and to persuade them that their prosperity lay, not in conflict with labor, but in coöperation with it . . . he saw himself as a kind of Apostle to the Capitalists." (Page 291.) Two or three years later he published a second epistle to the capitalists, *Industrial Democracy.* "He had come to see that his earlier solution of the problem was inadequate . . . it was essential that labor should share in the profits." (Page 306.) Then at eighty-one he expanded into a radical social philosopher, indeed; "thinking in terms of the spirit . . . he had gone beyond his conception of individual stewardship of wealth and power as the answer to social inequities, beyond his faith in the coöperation of the strong to support the weak and unfortunate, even beyond his conviction that if we can stimulate men to think through these questions of law, government, and economics, we shall do more good to humanity than all the charities. The answer, he saw, lay on the deeper levels of fellowship and justice." (Page 309.) So *The Way Forward* contained a cogent plea for the adoption of a Federal Incorporation Act under which capital should be treated purely as a commodity, entitled to a fixed percentage and no more; all profits, above expenses, going to the workers, (page 311), who should have a dominant voice in the control of the industry.

Thus Dr. Brookings justified the flaming red tie he had always worn! Thus, too, he vindicated the prayer of the bishop who, in the presence of his High Episcopalian betrothed (whom he forthwith married, at seventy-seven!), confirmed him with the words: "Defend, O Lord, this thy child with thy heavenly grace, that he may continue thine for ever and daily increase in thy Holy Spirit more and more. . . ."

Without intending the slightest irreverence, the reviewer wishes that all this had happened in 1867 and not in 1927! For it will take many, many years of teaching and research, and many generations of students at Brookings Institute to cancel the effects of its founder's thirty years of sharp competitive and labor-driving money-grabbing in St. Louis! How many thousands of men and women took example of his successful methods, envied the luxurious and aesthetic fruits of this "rugged individualism" and cynically decided to go and do likewise in order to get the same prizes! No one can set up so long and ably a Golden Calf, lavish adulation upon it, allure multitudes to similar worship, and then, suddenly replacing that idol by one of Humanity, expect the same multitudes to transfer their allegiance, change their ambitions, and transform their ways of business and life. Brookings did so, to be sure, for he had an innate moral refinement, as well as a superior and progressive mind; but how many of his early admirers have done so, we

wonder! Yet thousands of wealthy "rugged individualists" and their sons will read this book and feel that Brookings' later well-doing justified his early mammon-worship! To the reviewer, the former is really an ironical commentary on the latter; and both are a pathetic instance of the illogicality of *homo sapiens.*

CHARLES LYTTLE.

A YANKEE SAINT: JOHN HUMPHREY NOYES AND THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY. *By Robert Allerton Parker. G. P. Putnam's, New York: $3.75.*

John Humphrey Noyes took Christianity too seriously and it caused a lot of trouble.

Of course it always does, but in this instance the trouble was intensified because Noyes had original ideas—and in two dangerous realms, economics and sex. If the Freudians are to be believed it was no accident nor even by logical process that the man who believed in economic communism should also believe in a quasi-communism in sex, for economic and sexual possession are more or less identified by the unconscious: the heterodoxy in the two realms might well have one unconscious motivation. And the motivation of the protests against the two heterodoxies undoubtedly has the one root: one sanctity is being invaded in each instance.

John Humphrey Noyes was born in 1811 of a mother who prayed that he might become "a minister of the Everlasting Gospel." In his boyhood he was a natural leader, won distinction at Dartmouth, and was elected to Phi Beta Kappa. He started to study law, but after a conversion marked by great emotional stress he entered as a theological student at Andover. Here, with a band of devoted youth who looked toward dedicated lives as missionaries, Noyes practised a form of social "analysis"—each member submitting in silence to the criticisms of his conduct by his fellows. This, of course, was the germ idea of the "Mutual Criticism" sessions which afterwards characterized life in the Oneida Community. It is an idea which, in part, has been adopted by the Buchmanites and even by one sect of dissident psycho-analysts.

Noyes' conversion seems to have been followed by what has been called the second blessing or sanctification. Only he took it seriously—it made him free from sin and he had no hesitation in admitting the fact. However, nobody else in Andover did—even though he explained to them that his sinlessness was in the spirit, not necessarily in externals.

But he found a few disciples—among them a woman, of course whom he soon began to love but lost, and later the woman he did marry, Harriet Holton, whose tragic failure to bear children—four out of five were still-born—was the cause of Noyes' passionate rebellion against and reëxamination of the whole sexual ethic of the day.

Noyes' first experiment in communal living was set up in the Putney Community in 1838, the year of his marriage. At first it had no written constitution and "the advance into communism of property" was only made between 1842 and 1846. Already Noyes' ideas on sex had drawn the fire of his neighbors. However, Noyes' own feeling was that in contradistinction to the easy sex morals of Swedenborg—who was then the latest cry in cults—he represented a certain asceticism. In his own eyes Noyes was a monogamist, but there developed what the irreverent would call a "joker" in his definition. For, in 1844, Noyes discovered what he called male continence. He "dissociated" the ideas—and the practices—of intercourse for the propagation of the species and a controlled and truncated intercourse for purposes of erotic or romantic association. For propagation Noyes believed in the monogamous marriage of eugenically suited people. The "community" of wives was not a polygamy but a sharing of romantic attachments.

Obviously the scheme is dangerous, subject to abuse, only workable by people of great self-control,—well, every one can make his own list of objections. The strange thing is that with the Oneida community it seemed to work. Furthermore, so eminent a psychologist as Havelock Ellis regards the technique involved as essentially workable and not to be classed as a perversion. There is no reason to doubt, furthermore, that as far as his conscious mind was concerned Noyes was quite sincere in regarding this set-up as but a special instance of the general principle that Christians should be sharers not only in material goods but in all things of the spirit: that here as in other realms one should not live in terms of "I"—the egotist, or "they said"—the servant class—but in terms of "We."

Of course the system was misunderstood by the outer world who confused it with "free love." The pressure of evangelical and lay outer opinion became too much, and by the seventies Noyes had to abolish the institution and also to ask that his followers solemnize their ordinary marriages in a manner that to the outer world would indicate their regularity.

But by that time his community, long since transferred to Oneida, New York, had become prosperous. Ironically enough this was largely through their skill in the manufacture of traps for fur-bearing animals—a scandal to animal lovers as they inflicted long drawn-out agony on their victims.

And again we see the curious linkage between unconscious sex motif and unconscious property-motif: "The community soon became a hotbed of dissension. The recession from the complex marriage system brought with it, inevitably, a desire to return to private property and all the institutions of the world. . . ."

After a year of bickering, an agreement was drawn up to "Divide and Reorganize." With conventional marriage, conventional property-holding was again the order of the day. A joint stock company was formed, and it was agreed that "wages . . . should be kept as low as could be found consistent with efficient management, in order to make the dividends of the new company 'as large as possible'." Soon even the spirit of brotherhood was to depart from the Oneida enterprises.

Noyes began a new life surrounded by a few faithful disciples, a life which was to flow serenely to its end in 1886.

On closing the book one might be tempted to make once more the commonplace reflection that idealistic colonies in a complex industrial world are bound to fail. But on second thought one is quite likely to reverse the judgment. The Oneida colony for so long a time was successful and the failure was due to an unusual combination of circumstances—outside indignation at a sex code that was quite peculiar to this one

colony, aided by dissensions within. And even the inner dissensions, without that outside pressure, might never have broken up the colony. On the other hand one is forced to realize something that we by this time probably all admit without quite realizing: that the individual born ahead of his time is in a tragic position. G. B. Shaw has called Noyes one of nature's "blundering attempts at the Superman." Certainly he was a born leader and a man of extraordinary gifts. But what could he do? The very tools which his time gave him to work with were bound to wreck the job. For the best philosophy and best religion he could learn, even in such an institution as Andover, were those of Fundamentalist Christianity. Here was a man equipped by vision and leadership not only to dream about a Socialist society, but to create actual cells where Socialism could be lived. And his Bible-teachers had him worrying over millenarianism, the way of becoming sinless, and the ability of Satan to "imitate the influences of the Holy Ghost." How much better had he been suckled in some pagan creed however outworn, however abbreviated!

Fundamentalism has martyred many men, but John Humphrey Noyes is one of the men it did not have to martyr: instead it aborted his life-work.

LLEWELLYN JONES

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JAWAHARLAL NEHRU. *Published by John Lane, Bodley Head, London.*

East may be East and West may be West, but the twain have met.

They have met in the personality of Jawaharlal Nehru—the brilliant Congressman of India whose autobiography one lays down with reluctance. Perhaps the intensity of interest that the book arouses is largely due to the singularly frank and straightforward way in which it is written.

One realizes that it embodies those relationships, experiences, and impressions that have shaped the author's life and given it direction. More than this—there is the mark of deep sincerity in every line, as well as evidence that the writer is making a genuine effort to share his thoughts and emotions with the reader in their entirety. Perhaps it is because of the depth of his sincerity (carrying with it the determination to set forth all of the conflicting phases of his thoughts and emotions) that the reader is as much baffled as enlightened and interested by the content of the book.

Without doubt the epilogue is as discerning and comprehensive a synthesis of such varied and opposing aspects of Nehru's inner life as could be written. He allows himself no illusion in regard to its complexities and contradictions—but clear-sightedly and with engaging charm holds up those complexities and contradictions to the contemplation of the reader.

One feels his passionate desire to integrate the highest he has drawn from the West with that which inheres in his very nature as Indian heritage. Yet this desire of his does not involve selfhood. Rather it involves the will to immerse his life in that of the masses; to make his life a part of whatever force is to pull them out of their misery.

There is great beauty and nobility in the character of Nehru. He permits himself no bitterness on account of the cruel injustice he has suffered in the long years of imprisonment that have broken and thwarted his life. And imprisonment for what? For his love of India. For his efforts to free the peasantry from economic bondage and starvation. He permits himself no bitterness? Yes, that is true. He states the case for both sides with deliberate fairness. There is no bitterness in the presentation. Nevertheless one must admit that Nehru is master of a subtle form of sarcasm rarely equalled.

He never derides but merely places before us for our inspection the grossest of injustices of the suave and British-made assumption that British rule was intended as a blessing. Whatever defeats this high intent is supposedly of Indian origin. By means of this technique of irony he projects in a clear light the Anglo-Saxon inability to face his national sins of injustice.

On the other hand, Nehru marshals the faults of his own countrymen with far greater precision and severity than he does those of the British rulers from whom he wishes to free India.

Though (as we have asserted) East and West have met in Nehru's personality they are not at ease with each other. In spite of the years spent at Harrow and Cambridge and London; in spite of the extensive reading of western books and the acceptance of a mechanistic civilization, Nehru is far from being a westernized product. Yet one feels that he can never again be quite wholeheartedly eastern. He apparently thinks that he has turned his back upon religion, but one wonders whether in the depths of his heart he really has. One asks, "Is he a Humanist? Or a would-be Humanist?"

He speaks more than once of Veblen, referring to him as the great American economist. But if one reflects upon the implications of Veblen's theories concerning the development of aptitudes it would appear that Gandhi in that particular is nearer to Veblen's thought than is Nehru.

Again he quotes from Reinhold Niebuhr and seems to have been much influenced by him, but it is obvious that Nehru holds no such secure basis of religious truth in his *consciousness* as that which centralizes Niebuhr's thinking.

Although Jawaharlal Nehru is a close friend of Gandhi, as was his father (the distinguished Motilal Nehru), and although he is in a certain limited sense a follower of Gandhi, the two men seem worlds apart in their outlook on life and estimates of values. This is significantly illustrated by Nehru's use of the word "knack" in connection with the leadership of Gandhi. One would naturally expect the recognition of the power which gives that leadership to be expressed by some such word as insight or vision rather than by a word of such trivial significance as "knack."

Brilliant as Nehru is, sacrificial as is his life, devoted as he is to the truth, eager as he is to give credit where credit is due, he has not yet found the word that indicates why the multitude follows Gandhi so gladly.

The book must be read to form any just estimate of Nehru in regard to the future of India. Even then, though one may be held in thrall by the contents, he may be baffled in judgment.

FLORA WHITE.

WOODEN TITAN: HINDENBURG IN TWENTY YEARS OF GERMAN HISTORY (1914-1934). *By John W. Wheeler-Bennett. New York: William Morrow & Company. $5.00.*

Field Marshal-President Paul von Hindenburg, Germany's shadow storm center for almost a quarter-century, after an acid sitting to Emil Ludwig (whereat most of his studiously-acquired glories were rent away), has his latest—and what is likely to be his last—portrait, at the merciless brush of Mr. Wheeler-Bennett: in consequence whereof, behold our robustious Caesar dethroned from his pedestal, with none so poor to do him reverence. It appears in the wash, from this intensely dramatic, thoroughly documented study, that the hero was wooden indeed—painted, with considerable skill, to resemble iron; under our dramatist's touch, that glamorous coating dissolves, leaving the idol for all to see, a spectacle and a judgment to mankind. What are its actual outlines?

Skipping with almost breath-taking rapidity Hindenburg's career until 1914, one sees prosaic, painstaking, pedantic Paul von Hindenburg hurled unceremoniously into a world-wide inferno—and thenceforth the drama moves swiftly to its somber close: collapse of monarchy in Germany, with Hindenburg's betrayal of the Kaiser and his marshalship under Republican Ebert; succession to the Presidency upon Ebert's death; four years of wavering loyalty to the Republic, harassed by an insidious growth of Naziism throughout the Reich; and the economic downfall of our hero's beloved *Vaterland* in the depression of 1929, an abyss from which the long-suppressed German military spirit, marshaled by the implacable Adolf Hitler, opening its deeps, rose in one gigantic crescendo to sweep the tottering octogenarian into a heaven of oblivion, enthroning instead the Austrian despot and his sinister Sabbath of sword, sex, and Anti-Semitism. . . .

Grim tragedy, in a word, this story of Hindenburg and twenty years of Germany, woven, both warp and woof, of many and diverse threads, intermingled with perfect symmetry. Its theme, the martyrdom of a nation, finds proper epitome in Hindenburg himself, the Wooden Titan, trusted by all as soldier, as statesman, as granite symbol—only to fail, first his Emperor, then his party, and, lastly, his people. But let not *us* scornfully deride him. For, though it was his betrayal which gave Germany into the hands of Adolf Hitler, it was our vengeance on fallen Germany at Versailles which destroyed the new-born Republic and delivered up a prostrate people, via Wooden Titan, to the Scourge of God.

ROBERT SCHALLER

Literature and Life

PHILOSOPHICAL FRAGMENTS OR A FRAGMENT OF PHILOSOPHY. *By Johannes Climacus (Sören Kierkegaard), translated by David F. Swenson. Princeton, N. J.: Princeton University Press. $2.00.*

In 1932, Walter Lowrie in his Bohlen Lectures pointed out the urgent need for an English translation of Sören Kierkegaard, the greatest seminal thinker of his generation. Dr. Lowrie gave a German bibliography of works by, and dealing with, Kierkegaard, and then added these significant words: "In publishing it [the bibliography of books in German] I call attention to our shame and summon those who are competent to do so to make amends for it. The only amend now possible to me is this accusing bibliography. But for what reason have we so many universities? Is it to insure that studious youth shall be shielded from all contacts with contemporary thought?"

Dr. Lowrie's call for a translation of Kierkegaard has until recently gone unheeded. With the exception of a few selections from Kierkegaard's writings translated by Professor L. M. Hollander, Professor Swenson's translation of *The Philosophical Fragments* is the first of Kierkegaard's works to appear in an English translation. As Dr. Lowrie noted five years ago, this lack of translation is a reproach to American scholarship in general, for Kierkegaard was not only the most eminent theologian of his time, but he was also the outstanding philospher, literary critic, and man of letters. His thought was seminal to a high degree. He is, to a great extent, the father of the Barthian movement in Germany. To the Germans, he has also eclipsed Nietzsche in point of interest. In his own Denmark, he influenced George Brandes who, in turn, became the first interpreter. Ibsen likewise accepted his mastership, and under his influence wrote *Brand*. In Spain Unamuno discovered Kierkegaard and introduced him not only to his own people, but also to all South America. At last America discovered him.

David F. Swenson, Professor of Philosophy at the University of Minnesota, has produced the first complete translation of any of Kierkegaard's writings, in his *Philosophical Fragments or a Fragment of Philosophy*. Kierkegaard wrote this in June, 1844, under the pseudonym, Johannes Climacus. Its theme is the philosophy of Christianity as seen against the Platonic background. Kierkegaard, a profound student of Plato, supplies in this work the very need of the hour: a philosophical interpretation of Christianity. The way to teach religion may be *via* philosophy rather than *via* creeds. But Socrates, the greatest of the philosophers, never measured up to Christianity. The point wherein he failed is Kierkegaard's field of thought. How then shall a man become a Christian? How shall we understand the *eternal* in *time?* How can *eternal* salvation be based on an *historical* event? (Karl Barth found much here.) It is all a paradox: human reason understanding the eternal God. Did Socrates have the last word when he affirmed that man cannot seek for what he already knows, and just as surely he cannot seek for what he does not know? What a man knows, he knows, and that is the end of the whole matter. "But it isn't," says Kierkegaard. Nor does the doctrine of Recollection help, since there has not been found the teacher who can recall to our present understanding the knowledge which is in us. Here philosophy passes into theology. Only God can be the teacher here. In the process God becomes the Savior and the Redeemer. Man is thus saved from his human errors. But without this redemption, man is always at fault in his quarrel with God. The change is conversion, and the way is revelation. The parting with the old error is repentance. All the familiar theological terms have a truer meaning in Kierkegaard's use. The summary of this is in Kierkegaard's own words which he termed *moral:*

> "The projected hypothesis indisputably makes an advance upon Socrates, which is apparent at every point. Whether it is therefore more true than the Socratic doc-

trine is an entirely different question, which cannot be decided in the same breath, since we have here assumed a new organ: Faith; a new presupposition: the consciousness of Sin; a new decision: the Moment; and a new Teacher: God in Time. Without these I certainly never would have dared present myself for inspection before that master of Irony, admired through the centuries, whom I approach with a palpitating enthusiasm that yields to none. But to make an advance upon Socrates and yet say essentially the same things as he, only not nearly so well—that at least is not Socratic."

Professor Swenson, the translator, is peculiarly fitted for his task by being both a philosopher and a student of Danish literature. The translation is sponsored by the American-Scandinavian Foundation under the able editorship of Hanna Astrup Larsen. Every one ever remotely interested in religion or philosophy should read and ponder this important book.

THE FLOWERING OF NEW ENGLAND: A LITERARY HISTORY 1815 TO 1865. *By Van Wyck Brooks. 550 pp. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.*
THE LONLEY WAYFARING MAN. *By Townsend Scudder. 128 pp. New York: Oxford University Press.*

I recall vividly from my early days as a student in Germany that American literature was generally considered a minor addition to English literature. All this has changed in a short space of time. American literary, philosophical, and religious thought is now eagerly searched out in Europe and carefully studied. Where formerly European scholars were familiar only with Jonathan Edwards and with Emerson, they now search out every scrap of evidence of the travels and studies of a host of Americans not only in their relation to Europe, but also for the contribution which they have made to the science of living. Van Wyck Brooks' books have done much to further this study and appreciation abroad. His latest book will do more, perhaps, than any of his others in this important direction.

The Flowering of New England, Mr. Brooks tells us, is the first of several volumes which he hopes to write, interpreting the literary history of America. In the present volume he has put into readable form the great period roughly from the death of Emerson's father to the Civil War. This formative epoch gave the United States a spiritual set. German influence came through the large number of American students who traveled to Europe and studied in German Universities. Although Emerson did not go, he recorded in his *Journal* his gratitude to Edward Everett who brought back to Harvard the new ideas. (While dealing with this phase, I wish Mr. Brooks had concerned himself more with ideas. Certainly the New England groups always dwelt with ideas.) German romanticism in America came to be called transcendentalism, and its work is not yet done. This same period saw the rise and development of humanitarianism, of the abolitionists with their belief in the higher law, and the modification of Calvinism. It also saw the expansion of the frontier with its resultant break with tradition. For the New England background, Mr. Brooks' book is absolutely indispensable. It could, however, be read profitably along with Scudder's story of Emerson's European experiences as retold, with much new material, in the *Lonely Wayfaring Man.*

This book tells of Emerson's disillusionment with Europe. Emerson made three trips to Europe, the first in 1832 immediately after his break with institutional Unitarianism, the second in 1847 when he lectured extensively, and the third in 1872 ten years before his death. Some parts of Professor Scudder's book were already familiar to all lovers of Emerson. His desire to see Carlyle, and the meeting at the lonely Craigenputtock has become a classic; but here it is retold in a fascinating manner. Less well known is the meeting with Clough which Professor Scudder has told in such a way that it is a little gem, perfect in itself. But, on the whole, Emerson was disappointed with what Europe had to offer in 1847. Carlyle was the single exception, and, later, as the Civil War became a reality, he, too, failed to measure up to the new idealistic humanitarianism of America. In 1850 Emerson turned his face to the region west of the Alleghenies and saw the future of America. To understand this vividly both Brooks and Scudder should be read and pondered. Let us hope nothing will prevent Mr. Brooks from carrying out his purpose in bringing the story of American culture down to date.

CHARLES A. HAWLEY

Religion

THE RIGHT TO HERESY, CASTELLIO AGAINST CALVIN. *By Stefan Zweig. Translated from the German by Eden and Cedar Paul. 238 pp. New York: The Viking Press.*

On July 12, 1536, Erasmus, that doughty champion of humanism, died in Basle. About two months later, a brilliant young French jurist and theologian, Jehan Calvin, who because of his espousal of Lutheran doctrines had been driven from his native land, was appointed by the councillors of Geneva *lecteur de la Sainte Escripture:* Reader of Holy Writ. Less than two years later, the burghers of that city, frightened by Calvin's arrogant assumption of dictatorial powers, voted by referendum to dismiss the fiery young reformer and his fanatical associate, the preacher Farel, and these discredited leaders took up residence in Strassbourg, only to be recalled from there by popular acclamation in September, 1541. From this time dates the real work of Calvin who now, under a grant of virtually unlimited powers, established in Geneva a theocracy which for completeness of transformation in the life and manners of that city and for rigidity of organization remains one of the marvels of modern history.

Calvin was then only thirty-three years old. At twenty-six he had published his famous *Institutio Religionis Christianae,* of which Zweig says:

"This *Institutio* is one of the ten or twenty books in the world of which we may say without exaggeration that they have determined the course of history and have changed the face of Europe. It was the most important deed of the Reformation after Luther's translation of the Bible, and immediately began to influence Calvin's contemporaries by its inexorable logic and resolute constructiveness, qualities which made its influence decisive. In a sense it may be said, that the *Institutio* rounded off the religious revolution, as the Code Napoleon rounded off the French."

Of the dictatorship that Calvin established in Geneva under the aegis of "Holy Writ" and the ominous sign of "Verboten," Zweig says:

"Forbidden, forbidden, forbidden; what a detestable rhythm! In amazement one asks oneself what, after so

many prohibitions, was left to the Genevans as permissible. Not much. It was permissible to live and to die, to work and to obey, and to go to church. This last, indeed, was not merely permitted, but enforced under pain of severe punishment in case of absence. The yoke of coercion was not lifted even on the Lord's Day, when the round of duty, duty, duty, was inexorable. After hard toil to gain daily bread throughout the week. came the day when all service must be devoted to God. The week for labor, Sunday for church. Thus Satan would be unable to gain and keep a footing even in sinful man; and thus an end would be put to liberty and joy of life."

Few dictators in history have used their powers more arbitrarily and resented any interference therewith more fiercely and stubbornly than did that man of God, Maitre Calvin, who *ad maiorem gloriam Dei* did not hesitate to stoop to the lowest levels of political chicanery and legal trickery, and who had recourse at will to the most cruel forms of punishment and even murder.

In March, 1542, Sebastian Castellio, French exile, theologian, philosopher, and philologist, but above everything else a passionate humanist and champion of the liberty of conscience, was appointed, with Calvin's endorsement, rector of the College of Geneva and preacher in a suburb of that city. Three years later, because of his disagreement with Calvin over some minor points of doctrine, the peace-loving scholar and preacher was compelled to leave Geneva, settling with his family in Berne and shortly thereafter in Basle. It must have seemed obvious from the first meeting between these two men, so utterly different in outlook and temperament, that sooner or later the contrast of their natures would lead to a conflict that could end only with the destruction of one of them. Let it be remembered that Castellio was not by nature, like his ego-maniacal colleague, a controversialist. On the contrary, he was a man of moderate spirit, of great humility, and of the most peaceful disposition. Only when he felt that liberty was being threatened, liberty of inquiry, of conviction, of expression—for liberty was to him the be-all and end-all for which men were born—only then did he forsake his study and classroom, only then did he leave his quiet pursuits as teacher, writer, and translator to place his keen mind and trenchant pen at the service of truth and freedom. And then his pen became a double-edged sword, sharpened by penetrating understanding and profound conviction, which he wielded like a true knight of the spirit with dauntless courage and with complete disregard of his personal fate and fortune.

The battle between these two remarkable men, the one the personification of cold, relentless logic and unscrupulous strategy, the other the embodiment of scholarly dignity and restraint, of passionate devotion to the truth, was joined when on October 27, 1553, Miguel Servetus, the young Spanish physician and theologian, was burned alive at the stake in Geneva at the instigation and with the eager connivance of Calvin; a crime which neither the perverse logic of Calvin nor the voluble partisanship of his followers has ever been able to defend. This was too much for even the peace-loving university professor in Basle. Outraged by this inhuman act, Castellio, a few months after the murder of Servetus, sent forth his *De Haereticis* to be followed by his brilliant and devastating attack on Calvin in *Contra Libellum Calvini,* and in answer to Calvin's sophisms thundered these imperishable words: "to burn a man alive does not defend a doctrine, but slays a man." From then on, Castellio's fate was sealed. Hounded without mercy, libeled and slandered, accused by Calvin and his crew of bigots of everything from petty theft to heresy, only his death in 1563—death from physical exhaustion and spiritual weariness—saved the great humanist from a fate perhaps as cruel as that of the man for whose defense he had incurred the implacable hatred of the tyrant of Geneva.

This is the general outline of the story told in these pages by one of the most brilliant writers of contemporary Germany, himself an exile. The book comes with particular significance at a time when the issue of "conscience versus violence," of "liberty against tyranny" is again agitating the minds of men. Zweig has rendered a distinctive service in this volume to liberals the world over, to whom Castellio up to this time may have been a name only. From now on the person and work of Sebastian Castellio will be to all free spirits another vital inspiration and heartening example in the struggle for human rights and for the inviolability of human conscience.

KARL M. CHWOROWSKY

SONGS FROM THE SLUMS. *By Toyohiko Kagawa. Nashville, Tenn.: Cokesbury Press.* $1.00.

Among the most interesting and stimulating phases of present days is the increasing emphasis on action in religion. Simultaneously with this development is the recognition of the secondary importance of doctrinal differences. The criterion now is primarily not theistic belief or non-theistic belief, but the quality of individual or collective life as it is lived. By this criterion there are both humanists and theists who are useless egotists, and both theists and humanists who are socially useful and creative. By men's fruits and not by theoretical pronouncements are they judged.

Thus the Japanese Christian, Kagawa, was cordially welcomed during his recent visit and series of lectures by all groups alike. Churches responded to his religious interpretation and devoutness, and were often favorably sensitive to his social radicalism; while radicals, knowing his courageous advocacy in action of new social principles, found frequently a new appreciation of religious inspiration. It is this synthetic mood and outlook that makes of Kagawa not only a significant individual in the modern world but a most hopeful symptom and promise as to changes now taking place in the soul of the human race.

These songs from the slums were written during his early manhood. Due to inspiration from two missionaries he espoused the Christian faith, but carried it further than do most into sacrificial activity. "A man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," one stricken for the sins and selfishness of many, was his Christ. Nor could he accept this Master without going where his Master went and suffering with him that mankind might ultimately be freed from all narrowness and blindness and bigotry and greed. In the very flesh he experienced his religion, and therefore into the very institutions of his native land did he carry the healing message and incarnate through himself the redeeming love.

Everywhere in these poems is deep poetic feeling for the beauty in cosmic and planetary Nature. But never can he rest there. For he cannot escape the agonizing contrast between that natural beauty and the ugliness so almost omnipresent in human civilization. To wipe out that contrast, to make of society something

as beautiful and noble as the order of the heavens above, is his constant concern, in deed as in prayer.

"Do you hear God's pain-pitched cry as He suffers because of the world's sore distress? Yes, I hear it! I hear it! I feel within me the beating pulse of the universe. I hear the deep sighings of God."

It matters not whether we live in Paris, London, New York, or Kobe, the problem is the same. No mere economic doctrine can change us. The human quality itself must be changed, or any system will fail us. Even the coöperative movement, in which Kagawa is so interested, without the right kind of men operating it, will be of no avail. No really new social order is conceivable without men who have themselves been organically converted from a narrow, doctrinaire, egocentric consciousness, to one permeated as this of Kagawa's with both the beauty and augustness of Nature, and the pain and frustration in the human soul.

A religion rooted in the cosmic eternity, by whatever name we call it, that flowers and fructifies in a beautiful and reasonable individual and social order,—this alone these latter days would seem to offer us our greater faith and hope and active love.

And at the heart of such an actually redemptive or recreative religion is inescapably self-sacrifice. Rationalism alone will not save us. A type of emotional identification with the entire suffering world and reasonable action, on the basis of that, alone prove adequate. This suffering is travail, but creative travail, out of which new life is born.

> Yet not for self alone
> Thus do I groan;
> My people's sorrows are the load I bear.
> Lord, hear my prayer—
> May Thy strong hand
> Strike off all chains
> That load my well-loved land.
> God draw her close to Thee!

But Kagawa's God works through man. In his poem "Discovery" he closes:

> And the thought
> Was this:
> That a secret plan
> Is hid in my hand;
> That my hand is big,
> Because of this plan.
>
> That God,
> Who dwells in my hand,
> Knows this secret plan
> Of the things He will do for the world
> Using my hand!

Universal is his vision, particular and concrete both his compassion and his responsibility, persevering and fearless is his devotion.

> Fervent the vow I swore to fight, nor falter;
> Fight with a faith not flickering, nor dim;
> God is my Father; in my heart an altar
> Glows with the sacrifice I offer Him.

And that sacrifice offered God is a flame of warmth and illumination unto his fellow men. We cannot but deem our greatest devotion and activity that which in all lands and among all peoples deepens and inspires a comparable love, issuing in a tangibly new life of beauty and intelligently coöperative action for individuals and institutions alike over the entire wide world of all humanity.

LAURENCE R. PLANK.

TOWARDS THE CHRISTIAN REVOLUTION. *Edited by R. B. Y. Scott and Gregory Vlastos. Chicago and New York: Willett, Clark & Company. 254 pp. $2.00.*

"Nine brilliant Canadian scholars argue that Christianity is essentially and intentionally revolutionary, and that it must either lead the present-day demand for a new economic order, or itself perish with the old order." Thus the publishers greet us on the title cover; and this volume certainly lives up to expectations.

It is an arsenal of scholarly collected facts for the Marxist Christian, and need not be read by him; but should be read by all who are still able to think clearly in economic affairs, and who may be won in sufficient numbers before it is too late to uderstand how serious is "The Marxist Challenge."

To those nine scholars, John Line, Gregory Vlastos, R. B. Y. Scott, Eugene Forsey, J. King Gordon, J. W. A. Nicholson, Edis Fairbairn, Eric Havelock and "Propheticus," Christianity means much more than the transformation of the social and economic order; but it does mean that. The foundations for this conclusion in philosophy, theology, ethics, and the Bible are given with scholarly and consummate skill. On this sure base is erected the challenge to the churches to live their convictions, realizing that individuals can be saved only as society is purged and cleansed from its sin of acquisitiveness, which capitalism fosters and nurtures.

CHRISTIANITY AND THE INDIVIDUAL IN A WORLD OF CROWDS. *By Halford E. Luccock. Nashville, Tenn.: Cokesbury Press. 165 pp. $1.50.*

Professor Luccock treats his theme in that same scintillating and pungent manner so characteristic of all his writings. Some would place before us a false dilemma, namely, that Christianity either must seek to save the individual or society as a whole. No society that tempts and dooms men and women ten times as fast as the church can rescue them as individuals can have the support of those who truly understand the mind and heart of Christ. Society must be saved in order that individuals can remain secure and develop the Christ-like graces. Yet individuals have terrific problems in this semi-pagan social order in which we live.

The volume consists of the Jarrell Lectures, given at Emory University about a year ago. Revealing is the table of contents: The Individual in a World of Crowds; God and the Individual; Today's Tensions in Personal Life; Salvation—Quest and Finding; and Preaching to Personal Needs.

Economic forces, our author finds, have a terribly "flattening" effect on individuals, especially these days when even here in America the Fascist tendencies in the abridging of certain civil liberties and the breakdown here and there of democratic processes tend to rob Christianity of much of the background on which the church has depended in its fight "against the world, the flesh, and the devil." There arise tremendous tensions and strains that have a disintegrating effect on personality, unless people know how to utilize the spiritual resources of the Eternal God. These days we do not hear people asking, "What must we do to be saved?" Down deep in their hearts they know they need saving, even though they would probably deem a man a lunatic who asked pointedly, "Are you saved?" Only through a redeemed society can come the abun-

dant life that all crave. The profit motive and competition must give place to production for human use and coöperation.

The volume deserves, and will repay, a careful reading. Pithy ways of putting truths abound. Take this example from page 150. An athletic coach told a student who was trying the broad jump, "You go back so far for your run that you are all tired out when you come to the place to jump." Luccock remarks, "The preacher of the traditional expository sermon who goes back for a sightseeing tour of Palestine as a prelude to the sermon runs back so far that the audience is all tired out when it comes to the place to jump. Often there is no time for the preacher to jump; frequently the audience is so far gone that it does not notice whether he jumps or not." The book is full of such typical Luccockisms! Thrilling, inspiring, instructive, and also entertaining! Get a copy. It will put punch and power into you for the great fight ahead; or, as our religious fathers of another day would have expressed it, it will help make available to you the everlasting resources of God.

CONTEMPORARY CHRISTIAN THOUGHT. *By Charles S. MacFarland, D.D. 196 pp. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. $1.50.*

Within less than two hundred pages we have in this volume from the pen of the General Secretary Emeritus of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America reviews of forty-one recent books. It is a bird's-eye view of Christian thinking from *The Catholic Church in Action,* by Michael Williams, to Norman Thomas' *Human Exploitation,* as indicated by the books Dr. MacFarland has read and reviewed during the past year or so. Three of the volumes reviewed are his own. A splendid index and bibliography make this a handy reference work for those who must limit their book purchases. Dr. MacFarland's reviews are sympathetic and well integrated by his own thinking and suggestive criticisms. "Practically all of these volumes have been either primary or secondary choices of the Religious Book Club, but they were selected without reference to and generally without previous knowledge of that fact," the author tells us. For this reason he feels confident that they represent very fairly "contemporary Christian thought," especially here in America. To a remarkable degree, Dr. MacFarland lets the authors speak for themselves.

GEORGE MAYCHIN STOCKDALE

THE JEW AND THE UNIVERSE. *By Solomon Goldman. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.*

Dr. Solomon Goldman gives us a most penetrating and critical treatment of the massive contribution of the great Jewish Rationalist, Maimonides, to philosophic thought, to the orderly understanding of Judaism and to the clearing away of the more crass superstitions of his day. While Dr. Goldman is especially appreciative of Maimonides, he nevertheless effectively states his conviction that reason, like intuition, is no key to the understanding of ultimate reality, nor is it a sufficient basis for religion. "The roots of religion," says the author, "have their origin in other soil—in man's quest for the good life." There is an excellent appendix of Notes, and a good index.

CURTIS W. REESE

THE ALDINE BIBLE: THE NEW TESTAMENT. 4 volumes. *New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.*

THE BIBLE DESIGNED TO BE READ AS LIVING LITERATURE. *Arranged and edited by Ernest Sutherland Bates. New York: Simon & Schuster.*

THE JUNIOR BIBLE. *Edited by Edgar J. Goodspeed. New York: The Macmillan Company.*

After years, or is it centuries, of being printed as no other book in the world has ever been printed—double-columned pages, atrocious black type, scrambled paragraphs and sentences—the Bible is at last being given decent treatment by our publishers. It is being handled as other literature is handled. That it has survived at all the hideous presentation of the Bible societies, with its funereal covers, transparent paper, and incredibly ugly format, is evidence indeed that the Scriptures are inspired literature. How otherwise could it have stood such treatment all these years? But now the change has come. The Old and New Testaments are going to be books like other books—or perhaps even better!

The Aldine Bible is certainly as wonderful a specimen of book-making as we have ever seen. It is incomparably the most exquisite form in which the "Book of books" has ever appeared. If there is such a thing as perfection in the publishing art this is it. This Bible covers only the New Testament. Divided into four beautifully proportioned volumes, printed on paper of rare quality and in type which is a delight to the eye, edited in modern style, with all chapters and verses relegated to mere running lines at the tops of the pages, these Christian Scriptures surpass anything and everything that has gone before. Here are simplicity, dignity, beauty, combined with authentic scholarship and impeccable taste. Only one thing disturbs us, and that is the lurking fear that the publishers may be content to stop with the New Testament and thus deny us the joy of seeing the Old Testament in this same matchless form.

Mr. Bates' edition of the Bible, Old Testament and New in one volume, is an attempt to modernize the great book by adopting it to the needs and expectations of the contemporary reader. His method is to take the King James text, except in the few instances of Job, Ecclesiastes, Proverbs, and the Song of Songs, "where the Revised Version is admittedly far superior," cut out all explanatory notes and cross-references, eliminate chronological and repetitious and "begat" passages, sometimes whole books, such as the two books of Chronicles in the Old Testament and Ephesians in the New, reclassify the contents into "Historical Books," "Prophetical Books," "Poetry, Drama, Fiction and Philosophy," "Gospels," "Letters," etc., and especially to wipe out all the traditional arrangement of chapter and verse, and print the sacred literature as the text of a modern book. The editor has done a thorough-going and yet reverent piece of work, and has gone far toward realizing his aim of making the Bible a living volume for readers interested in entertainment and instruction as well as edification.

Of course Mr. Bates is not the first man to attempt this task, nor by any means the best equipped. Thus, Professor Moulton's *Modern Readers' Bible,* containing the complete text, should not be forgotten as the pioneer in this field. The Reverend U. G. B. Pierce's little book, *The Soul of the Bible,* an anthology of Biblical selections, is something of a classic, at least for min-

isters. The *Cambridge Shorter Bible* is a remarkable edition of the Scriptures. Bolton Hall's *The Living Bible* is an excellent selection of material, spoiled by the retention of the double-column page. Professors Goodspeed and Smith issued some years ago *The Shorter Bible* which is a more compact compilation drawn from the text of the famous American translation of the University of Chicago. We cherish as a volume of rare quality the *Bible Treasury,* an Anthology for Everyman, prepared by J. C. Squire and A. E. Baker. But Mr. Bates' book seems to us on the whole the most successful of these modern editions, as it is incomparably the handsomest. As a publication feat for use and beauty, it stands next only to the Aldine Bible.

Professor Goodspeed's *Junior Bible* follows the example of the *Children's Bible* and the *Little Children's Bible* published by the Cambridge University Press. Goodspeed's text is that of the American Translation, his selections brief readings from the more important narratives of the Old and New Testaments. The creation, the flood, the Tower of Babel, the stories of Abraham, Jacob, Joseph, Moses, Balaam, Samson, David and Jonathan, Jonah, Daniel, episodes in the life of Jesus, tales from the Book of Acts, a few epistolary selections—these are some samples of the material. The book is particularly successful in its appearance—the broad page, the large type, the appropriate illustrations. Any child would like and we think read this volume.

Such books as these indicate how patiently men are leading the horse of the modern mind to the living water caught in the most attractive trough yet designed and made. Will the horse drink? Will people *read* the Bible? This still remains to be seen.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

War and Peace

HOW TO RUN A WAR. *By Bruce Winton Knight. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.*

This one is different from other books on the subject of war. Instead of a vast amount of vociferation over the moral aspects of the great patriotic enterprise, it dives head-on into a splendid detailed instruction of how a war should be set up, managed, and kidded along. No important point is overlooked. The use of propaganda and the best groups to commandeer for its distribution are fully discussed.

The book is worth more than it costs to any military man, munition-maker or politician, or even to the poor youngster who is pushed up to the front to be shot at. It tells all. Every soldier should know in advance just what he is up against, and his family ought to have the low-down on what he is doing when he writes home that he is back of the lines, in a dugout, crawling through barbed wire, or in the emergency hospital.

It tells how to start a war, fight a war, recruit an army; how to lie for your country and how to shake down the pacifists.

The story of two thousand years of volunteers, conscriptions, and desertions is all included and everything is accurate and reliable. A stimulating story, adapted to participants or to any one else who wants to study war as a matter of pastime or higher education. No one can go wrong with this volume in his pocket.

O. A. HAMMAND

THE WAR IN OUTLINE. *By Liddell Hart. New York: Random House. $2.00.*

The "War" is of course the World War of 1914-18! The book is the story of the military operations of that war as told by the leading military expert of England. Presenting in outline all the tactical and strategic maneuvers on all the fronts of the greatest war in history, this volume can only be described as a miracle of condensation, coördination, and clarity. All the tangled and titanic story is here, every chapter in its right place, every famous name of battle or general identified, and in the end the innumerable details fixed into a pattern as clearly seen as the design of a rug or the perspective of a picture in a single frame. Just as a mere literary achievement, this is a remarkable piece of work.

It is also a terrifying piece of work, for it shows the operations of the War on both fronts, almost without exception, to have been one long and uninterrupted series of blunders. The incompetence of the commanding generals, as here revealed, is almost beyond belief. No wonder the War lasted for four inconclusive years, and in the end was never won at all, but simply collapsed for lack of men and material on the German side! It surely would have been lost on one side or the other, in numerous crises, if it had not been for the fact that the incredible stupidity of the Allied commanders was perfectly matched by that of the German and Austrian commanders, and vice versa. In his cool, calm, carefully verified statement of the actual events, the author blasts the reputations of the famous generals beyond all hope of repair. Foch, Haig, and Hindenburg suffer the worst perhaps, though Joffre, French, Pershing, and Ludendorff are pretty close in disrepute. Petain comes off not so badly, Gallieni is highly praised for his brilliant performance at the first battle of the Marne, as is Colonel Hoffmann at Tannenburg, and of course there is the great Allenby in Palestine. From the beginning to the end of the struggle these generals, with the exceptions noted, seem never to have known what they were doing. They were bound as hopelessly as mannikins to old and outworn principles of combat. They were blind as bats to the significance of the new weapons and machinery of the battlefield. Still functioning in the world of Napoleon, these officers never got away from the idea that the way to win was to attack with overwhelming masses of men at selected points of the enemy's line. And so, again and again, they hurled hundreds of thousands of the best trained flesh and blood in the world straight into the face of modern machine-gun and artillery fire, and, themselves never seeing the front at all, massacred whole armies and gained only a few useless rods of ground. Nothing is so difficult, says Hart, as to get an old idea out of a general's mind, unless it is to put a new idea in. Such fresh and decisive developments as came in the War—tanks on land, the convoy system at sea—were the result not of military but of civilian brains. The generals in command were simply hopeless. And all their stupidities and mistakes were paid for in oceans of human blood!

As one reads this ghastly story, two thoughts come to mind. First is the thought that war today has become so complicated and enormous an affair, involves such huge masses of men scattered over such vast ranges of territory, is fought with weapons of

such deadly destructiveness, so absorbs all the energies of a people operating as one stupendous machine, that its control has altogether passed beyond the capacity of any man or group of men. In many of the battles of the last War, as described by General Hart, one gets the impression that no one was really directing anything. Once the forces were released at the zero hour, chaos was loose. Whatever happened was largely accident, with death always riding the whirlwind of destruction. If this was true of the fighting twenty years ago, what about today? Can any one imagine what the next war would be? No general, no premier, no government could master and direct such forces as that war would contain. It would be like one vast explosion, with minds as feeble as hands.

Secondly, there is the thought that soldiers would never endure again what they endured in 1914-18. More than once the battle-lines of the Great War were on the verge of rebellion. The dark days of 1917 saw great masses of soldiery ready to rise up against such useless slaughter as was doomed upon them by their ignorant officers. How long would the soldiery of a new war stand it? For a while, perhaps—discipline is a potent thing! But sooner or later, sooner rather than later, the tension would break, and armies suddenly turned into mobs would spread chaos everywhere. It is this fact, more than the actual fighting itself, which makes so sure the prophecy that another war will mark the end of civilization. Perhaps it is the realization of this prophecy which will prevent another war from coming.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

THE KAISER AND ENGLISH RELATIONS. *By E. F. Benson. New York and Toronto: Longmans, Green & Company. 304 pp. $3.50.*

The personal attitudes—likes and dislikes—of rulers and statesmen often play an important part in the history of international relations. This is true in spite of the influence of economic factors over politics. In this work *The Kaiser and English Relations,* Mr. E. F. Benson, the author of *Queen Victoria, Edward VII,* etc., has marshaled all available materials to prove that the personal attitude of the ex-German Emperor, Kaiser Wilhelm, his unbalanced actions, produced just the opposite effects in Anglo-German relations from what he anticipated and hoped. The Kaiser was at times an advocate of Anglo-German understanding but his egotism and desire to outshine his uncle King Edward VII, and to compete with the British Empire in every field, even in naval expansion, and to bring pressure on Great Britain to carry out German political ambitions, brought about the opposite result.

The book is interesting and instructive and throws a flood of light on Anglo-German relations before the World War and also on German policy during the World War. One may venture to say that if the ex-Kaiser had followed in his father's footsteps there would have been an Anglo-German Alliance instead of an Anglo-German war of 1914.

German Nazi statesmen and political leaders will be especially benefitted by reading this work, because it will convince them that mere profession of friendship will not improve Anglo-German relations. Herr Hitler advocates Anglo-German understanding as the first plank of his foreign policy; but his program of expansion of military, naval, and air forces threatening Britain, his alliance with Japan and Italy, and even interference in Spain, and the desire of acquiring new territories at the expense of Russia will ultimately produce worse effects in Anglo-German relations than was true in the case of the ex-Kaiser's failure.

SKYWAY TO ASIA. *By William Stephen Grooch. New York & Toronto: Longmans, Green & Company. 203 pp.*

Airways are the most significant means of communication of the modern era. They are going to play a far-reaching part in promoting peace and executing war. Most of the great nations have established great airways: United States, Pan-American Airways; Great Britain, Imperial Airways; France, Air France; Germany, Deutsche Lufthansa; Netherlands, Royal Dutch Airlines; Russia, Soviet Air Trust.

In this work *Skyway to Asia,* William Stephen Grooch, the leader of the first North Haven Expedition, despatched to build commercial air-bases across the Pacific Ocean—stepping stones for the flying Clipper Ships on their way to the Orient—tells his own story. He simply, yet graphically, describes the work done by Pan-American Airways to establish air-bases at Honolulu, Midway Islands, Wake Islands, Guam, and Manila, and also the first flight of the *China Clipper* under the direction of Captain Musick. He tells quaint stories and describes these islands of the Pacific and the customs of the people. One interesting feature of the book is that the author has given some insight into technical matters relating to trans-Pacific flights which is intelligible to laymen.

The work done by the Pan-American Airways' China Clipper Service is so astounding that very few people would have believed that it could be accomplished so soon. But it has been done because of the exceptional training and devotion of the engineers and officials of the company. To be sure, the avowed purpose of this airway service, which brings Asia into close contact with the United States, is the promotion of commercial relations between two continents, yet it will have tremendous effects in case war breaks out in the Pacific. The book is written in very easy and entertaining style and reveals the modesty of the author who has played a very important part in an epoch-making adventure.

TARAKNATH DAS.

Wanted

Constructive religious liberals to aid in establishing Co-op. Community in western Washington. Basically horticultural but developing industrial features. A cross section of the population in age. A cultural and social laboratory and educational center, not an escape. Joint stock ownership of property. Applicants give age, background, and qualifications for such undertaking. Enclose stamped, addressed envelope for reply.

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Society

CAPITALISM AND ITS CULTURE. *By Jerome Davis. 556 pp. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. $3.00.*

If we agree that our social processes and institutions should be subjected to frequent examination and criticism, we must thank Professor Davis for a searching analysis of the capitalistic system and its effects, in his book, *Capitalism and Its Culture.* Many will disagree with his conclusions, but few will disagree with his major proposition that an economic system which is based on selfishness and greed and which entirely negatives the fundamental principles of ethics and of the Christian religion must be prepared to defend its existence before the bar of reason and good conscience.

Professor Davis' book is a frank indictment of the capitalistic system. It is a declaration of grievances drawn by one who feels deeply aggrieved. It is not a calm, impartial summing up of both sides of the case by a philosophical observer gazing down from the comfortable seclusion of an ivory tower upon the woes and follies of mankind. Professor Davis has chosen the rôle of prosecutor rather than that of judge. When he wrote this book he was forging a sword to help slay the dragon of capitalism. It is none the less a sword, despite the fact that he affects to regard it as merely a scalpel for the dissection and examination of the monster he desires to slay.

Military experts teach that a flank attack is usually more effective than a direct frontal attack. Mr. Davis has adopted this principle of military strategy in writing his book. He does not direct his attack primarily at the manifest inefficiencies of the capitalistic system in the production and distribution of wealth. Such discussion as there is of these features of capitalism is more or less incidental to the discussion of his main proposition which is that capitalism has a demoralizing and disintegrating effect on our culture and our civilization. This was doubtless good strategy. It is a blow at the weakest point in the capitalistic defense, and it is a phase of the subject which most professional economists appear to have overlooked.

The philosophical basis of the capitalistic system is the proposition advanced by Adam Smith and the classical English economists that the free play of the selfish instincts of mankind is subject to control by certain natural laws and if permitted to operate without artificial restrictions will subserve the welfare of society as a whole. Thus capitalism deliberately encourages individual selfishness and fosters the development of the acquisitive instinct. It maintains that an economic system which is motivated by a desire for personal gain and profit will produce wealth most abundantly and distribute it most equitably.

Such a doctrine, says Professor Davis, is directly contrary to the teachings of ethics and religion. It cannot be reconciled with the teachings of Christianity. It does not accord with the fundamental rules of human conduct. How does an institution based on the policy of unrestricted selfishness and greed affect our culture and civilization?

Its effects, he declares, are uniformly bad and demoralizing. It has created a corporate structure of economic society which is able to evade the moral responsibilities of human individuals, and which is designed solely to make profits for the few individuals in control of the corporate machinery at the expense of the laborers and consumers by establishing a monopoly of the production of basic economic goods and artificially limiting their supply.

In pursuit of its purpose of extorting profits by creating an artificial scarcity of goods, it has corrupted our politics and debauched our public officials. It has corrupted the press and prostituted our news service to its purposes. The same is true of the radio, and to a considerable extent of our churches and of our schools and universities. Our business institutions are literally honeycombed with fraud and sharp practices. The honest man is so handicapped in his competition with crooks and swindlers that he is almost forced to resort to sharp practices in order to survive. The consumers, who, according to the theories of Adam Smith, are supposed to favor the honest man, are unable to distinguish between the honest man and the crook, or the sound goods and the adulterated and shoddy, until it is too late. Few honest men can meet the competition of dishonest advertising and shoddy or adulterated goods. The premium on profits fills our learned professions with quacks and shysters. Even our amusements and recreations have become cheap and vulgar, when not positively vicious, under the lure of private gain.

The greed for profits defeats its own ends. The capitalist who owns the instruments of production does not produce goods to satisfy the normal demand of the consumers, but to bring him the greatest return of profits possible. He artificially limits production, adulterates and cheapens his goods, and charges all the traffic will bear. What he can get from the public without giving anything in return is his profit. This he uses to invest in more machinery to turn out more goods to make more profits to invest in more machinery to turn out more goods to make more profits. It is a vicious circle, which is constantly draining money from the pockets of the consumers to those of a few capitalists. Soon the purchasing power of the consumers is so low that a depression occurs, followed by a long, painful period of liquidation, wholesale repudiation of debts, and readjustment.

Finally, the capitalistic system is a vigorous promoter of vice, crime, and war. The profits to be obtained from traffic in liquor, dope, tobacco, etc., are too great to be resisted. The crowding together of vast numbers of human beings in huge cities, caused by our modern capitalistic methods of production, create slums which are a hothouse of vice and crime. The eager search for foreign markets and resulting competition with foreign manufacturers, the system of high tariff walls to prevent foreign competition at home, and the vast profits to be made in the traffic in war munitions, all combine to produce international strains and war. While wars, crimes, and vice have always existed, a large part of those that occur today can be traced directly to our modern capitalistic system.

Such, in brief, are the charges which *Capitalism and Its Culture* makes against the capitalistic system. There is no hope seen of genuine repentance and reformation. The system is based on an unsound philosophy, its works are uniformly evil, its effects on our culture and our civilization are degrading and demoralizing, and it deserves only the death penalty. That it is already in an advanced stage of dissolution is the hopeful opinion of Professor Davis.

HOMER L. KYLE.

THE TUMULT AND THE SHOUTING. *By George Slocombe. 427 pp. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.50.*

"The Memoirs of George Slocombe," as this volume is sub-titled, immediately remind one of Lincoln Steffen's *Autobiography*. There is no long drawn-out description of early life in Slocombe as in Steffens; but the same valuable insight into the characters and events witnessed. Slocombe was born only in 1894, just old enough to have been in the World War; but he learned that "the military machine destroys the individual, reduces him to the mental status of infancy." (Page 48.)

The whole volume is one thrilling series of interviews and observations that make it valuable beyond words to exaggerate. Who can ever forget the picture of Gandhi in Yeravda prison? Small wonder our author writes, "I have never met any man more utterly honest, more transparently sincere, less given to the egotism, self-conscious pride, opportunism and ambition which are found in greater or less degree in all the other great political figures of the world." (Page 354.) Although Mr. Slocombe is too polite to say so, what a contrast when he met the truculent Mussolini at Cannes!—even before his coup d'etat, guarded by bullies like himself with protuding guns on their hips!

In these pages walk the political figures of our day. Lloyd George and Ramsay MacDonald before the latter's meteoric rise to the position of Prime Minister. Here is Calvin Coolidge, with a story about him of rare vintage. Aristide Briand, Anatole France, Lord Curzon, Sir Austin Chamberlain, Tchicherin, Litvinoff, Dollfuss, and Hitler, with many others, become more real characters, as seen through the eyes of this dean of British correspondents.

Mr. Slocombe has a style that fascinates, a sharp wit, a keen sense of values, and has produced a volume that will be a source-book of ready reference to those wishing to understand the tremendous conflicts of our time. An index adds value to the volume.

GEORGE MAYCHIN STOCKDALE

THE FUTURE OF LIBERTY. *By. George Soule. 187 pp. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.*

The substance of the 1935 lectures on the Weil Foundation on American Citizenship, University of North Carolina, an article appearing in *Harper's* Magazine and material previously appearing in *The New Republic* have provided George Soule with his new volume, *The Future of Liberty*. His publisher in all probability provided the title. For the twelve chapters of this book are concerned, with one exception, with the present status of liberty in the United States; only the final chapter, "Socialized Liberty," deals wholly with the subject assigned to the volume. And this reviewer must regard the outline of socialized liberty as the least convincing of any of the subject matter treated.

Soule maintains what no discerning observer of contemporary trends can question that we are muddling the meanings of *liberty*. The Liberty League and all those eligible for membership in it are thinking in terms of liberty "from" the heritage of Locke, Mill, and the romanticists. This negative liberty is not only inadequate to our time but destroys the possibility of attaining liberty in the machine age. Attempting to deal with the problem against our traditional background the measures taken are evasive, halting, impartial, naïve.

It is a convincing statement of the present status of liberalism with telling phrases and an occasional sentence summarizing much, i. e., "Where interests differ, reason often becomes rationalization of non-reasoned ends." The assumed detachment of many a liberal ought to wilt under that beam of understanding. There is no failure in this volume when its real scope is clear. If the author does not convince when he reaches a discussion of the future it may be only that a critical mind does not easily transfer itself from observable trends to generalities. None the less the author points the direction of socialized liberty or, if the American drive for liberty fails, to fascism—the regress of so many lands that have abandoned the quest.

RAYMOND B. BRAGG.

Correspondence

The President and the Court Again

Editor of UNITY:

It is very seldom indeed that I find myself critical of UNITY's editorial pronouncements. Now I do, after reading the paragraphs on the topic above and the one on Elihu Root, in the issue of March 1. There seems to me to be a palpable logical contradiction between them. In the latter we read of Mr. Root that "as a lawyer he was the advocate of the rights which sustained the wealth and honor of his class, and the willingly paid attorney for anybody, from a corrupt Tammany politician to a corruptive corporation magnate, who wanted to know how to work his wiles safely inside the law." Again Mr. Root is described as "one of the last survivors of the pre-War age into our post-War time. He never grasped the living forces of his era and sought to perpetuate the self-regarding interests of his possessing group." This is keen and just criticism. But it is also admirably descriptive of the corporation lawyers of the reactionary group of five (I do not except the Chief Justice) in the Supreme Court. Their philosophy, too, is that of an "age that is dying." Their decisions seek "to perpetuate the self-regarding interests of their possessing group."

Furthermore, it is perhaps hardly fair to make this present discussion appear to be a personal matter between the President and the Court. Mr. Roosevelt holds his high office as a direct result of a country-wide election, in which he received the support of a very definite majority of the American voters. The country had elected him before. The voters had had four years in which to assess the worth of the President as a man, and of the policies which he and a supporting Congress had espoused. The congressional election mid-term had also been a decisive endorsement of those policies. Then came the election of last fall. Again the same verdict on both President and Congress gave indisputable evidence of the mandate of the citizens for a continuance of the policies inaugurated by the government in the first term.

What of the Supreme Court in the meantime? Fifteen decisions involving these policies were handed down by the Court. Four were favorable, eleven opposed. It is surely not unfair to say that the Court

was negating not merely "the wishes of the President," but the wishes and the expressed will of a majority of the American people. It has been said so often, and by members of the Court themselves, that "the constitution is what the Justices make it" that it does not need to be emphasized here.

The fact then is that five men can put a final veto on the expressed will of the American people. This they have done repeatedly. When Congress passes a bill which the President does not approve, he can veto it. If the Congress persists it can and often does override the veto. If the nation disapproves of a President and his policies, it can, and frequently has refused him reëlection. If congressmen and senators displease their constituents, the latter can, and frequently have retired them to private life. That is democracy. But with the Supreme Court all is different.

If democracy is rightly predicated of President and Congress, if democracy means "responsible" government, delegated authority, which is responsible to those by whom it is entrusted, an authority which can be recalled, vetoed, held in check by the people themselves in orderly elections, a government "which derives its just powers from the consent of the governed," then the Supreme Court is completely outside of, and the perfect negation of, all that currently passes by the name of democracy.

Here lies the one perfect example of dictatorship which the American people rightly fear and distrust whenever and wherever it raises its head. No power can reach this tribunal. The Justices are completely beyond any of those checks and balances for which our government is justly proud. Their decisions are beyond recall, save by the slow and often disappointing method of amendment.

May I suggest then, in conclusion, that the present disquieting situation be considered not as President versus Court, but the expressed will of the American people versus the Supreme Court?

White Plains, N. Y. JAMES FAIRLEY.

[*Editorial Note:* Mr. Fairley seems to miss the point of our editorial, which was objection not to a reform of the Supreme Court, but to the President's proposed method of accomplishing this reform. We object to the President's policy because it messes everything up and then gets us nowhere. We want an amendment to the Constitution which will accomplish what Mr. Fairley has in mind.]

The Moscow Trials

I—Disapproval

Editor of UNITY:

I cannot resist writing concerning your editorials "The Moscow Trials" and "Mexico and Trotsky" which appeared in the February 15th issue of UNITY. They seem so strange when one reads them following the reading of Tagore's "Impressions." To tell the truth, I was a little disappointed on reading them. I wondered if they were backed by your usual understanding and appreciation of social problems, or was your understanding of the problem of Trotsky and his sympathizers dulled by the dramatic nature of the trial which you describe as "ghastly beyond words—ghastly and incredible."

These Moscow trials have raised questions in my mind and left me puzzled. Not being a Communist I lack that fervor and zeal that would entirely destroy my reasoning. Nevertheless, the more I read about Russia the more I am impressed with the definite attempt of a people earnestly striving to work toward a democracy which is nowhere existent today, in spite of claims to the contrary. "Ghastly beyond words" are these trials, and yet how far can the forces of opposition be allowed to carry on their programs? "Ghastly [too] beyond words" is the living death many are condemned to die in nations the world over, without benefit of such dramatic trials. Do you honestly think Hitler's purge was no worse? Are the dictatorships really comparable?

I am taking the liberty of enclosing a pamphlet "From Opposition to Assassination," by Sam Carr, a publication* of the Communist party of Canada which has come into my hands and which you may not have seen.

Halifax, Nova Scotia. H. D. S. BORGFORD.

II—Approval

Editor of UNITY:

It seems to me that your estimate of the Moscow government is within very conservative bounds.

All human progress must have its basis in spiritual qualities—in real character. Here in this state where the air is full of the propaganda of all sorts of radical plans there is an attitude of thorough-going cynicism among intelligent people because it is so well known that the leaders of those movements are such hypocrites and crooks.

The most sinister feature of it all is the almost complete control which the Communist Party has of the under-privileged—the unemployed and the WPA workers. I admire their vision in the matter while I abhor their tactics and ideology. Nobody else cares for those poor folks because they have no money. But the Communists get enough dimes and nickels out of the whole lot to make the campaign pay its way; and look at what they are doing. Together with the other radicals with a more or less Moscow orientation, they are preaching the imminence of the Holy War, and the necessity for preparation. That is right down the same alley with the Hearst crowd and the folks who are out for big contracts. The House in our legislature now in session (under the control of the left-wingers) passed a strong resolution memorializing Congress to pity our defenseless condition and initiate a big preparedness campaign on the Pacific Coast. This memorial was killed in the Senate, strongly right-wing, Democrats and Republicans. Those radicals along the coast are popularizing war. With it all, and in spite of it all, Anna Louise Strong still leads the chorus that sings ecstatically of Moscow as the seat of heavenly government. It is pathetic; but it is just what we should have expected.

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